The Outlook

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The Outlook

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The Civil Service Debate in the House

Last week the House of Representatives continued to discuss the regular appropriation bills, while the Senate continued to discuss the Panama situation. In the House the one interesting event was the attack on the Civil Service Law led by Congressman Hepburn, of Iowa, under whose leadership the appropriation to defray the expenses of the Civil Service Commission was rejected on Wednesday, when the House was in the committee of the whole and there was no roll-call, but against whose leadership the appropriation was restored two days later by a majority of nearly two to one, when the House was in regular session and the vote of each member was recorded. A striking feature of Mr. Hepburn's speech was his admission that Civil Service Reform was more popular with the people at large than with Congressmen. After expressing in extreme terms the unpopularity of the civil service law among his associates, Mr. Hepburn concluded: "With the utmost respect to all the gentlemen now before me, I have no hesitation in saying that it is their deference to a supposed existing public opinion that prevents them from asserting themselves and wiping out this fraud upon the public." With the term used to describe the civil service law we do not concern ourselves, but note with satisfaction that the ablest Republican opponent of Civil Service Reform recognizes the fact that the people at large prefer to have appointments to Federal office governed by the principles of competition rather than by those of patronage. The exceptional hostility in Congress toward the reform is due to the fact that no body of men—even clerical—ever willingly accepted a measure reducing its own powers, and Civil Service Reform does materially reduce the power of Congressmen to reward friends and dependents. The fact that Civil Service Reform strikes at the whole system of patrons and dependents is one of its wholesome democratic features. The significant fact has been brought out that, in the postal scandals which have revealed some of the most contemptible cheating of the Government in the history of the country, not one man who has been implicated in those transactions came into the service by regular competitive examination, and only one man originally appointed by a favor had been promoted as the result of such competition. This is a remarkable showing; and if Congressmen would pay a little more attention to the interests of the service and a little less to the small asset of appointments in their own districts, they would save themselves and the country the humiliation of a school-boy performance on the part of one of our highest legislative bodies.

❀

The Panama Debate: A Successful Peacemaker

The Senate debate on Panama last week was reopened by a resolution introduced by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, proposing that Colombian claims against the United States on account of her recent loss of territory be made the subject of a new treaty to be negotiated between the two countries, and that in the event of the failure of such negotiation the dispute be referred to the Hague Tribunal, with authority to fix the amount of compensation this country should pay to Colombia for the alleged damages sustained through our action. This resolution was vigorously condemned by Senators Lodge, Foraker, and Spooner—Senator Lodge declaring

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that during the pending negotiations with General Reyes it was most injurious to discuss such a resolution because such discussion would tend to give the impression in Colombia of a divided sentiment in the United states and so was "calculated to bring on a conflict at arms." Senator Hale, of Maine, who has from the first been opposed to the policy of expansion, though adhering to the Republican party despite that policy, and who has thus been able to act at times as a mediator, by a succession of concessions led Senator Bacon to similar concessions, and on the following day offered, with Senator Bacon's approval, a substitute resolution, which went no further than to request the President to use his good offices to secure "the peaceful adjustment of all controversies that have arisen or may arise between said Republic of Colombia and the Republic of Panama."

❀

The Panama Debate: A War of Words

On the same day the liveliest speech of the session against the Panama policy of the Administration was made by Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, who declared that President Roosevelt's acts in Panama were not a "provocation of war," but "were war," and went on to say that a mob had as much right to hang its victim as had the President to secure what he wanted in Panama in violation of law—Congressional, Constitutional, and international. The charge that the President had violated the Congressional law, directing that the canal should be dug by the Nicaragua route if Colombia did not in a reasonable time grant the desired concession at Panama, brought to his feet Senator Spooner, the author of the Isthmian canal law, which our readers will remember was not only framed by Senator Spooner but bears his name; he declared that that act recognized the superiority of the Panama route, and that under that act the President was justified in securing from Panama instead of Colombia the canal privileges desired. Senator Spooner's reply to Senator Carmack was interrupted by other Senators, and the result was a brilliant interchange of repartee, in which, judging from the Washington correspondents of the daily papers, Senator Spooner did not come off second-best. Senator Hale had won Senator Bacon to a proposal which the Administration by its proffers to the Republics of Colombia and Panama had already anticipated. Senator Spooner, by his vigorous and incisive debate, drove Senator Tillman to an utterance which, happily, the next day he conceded to be indefensible. Asked by Senator Spooner whether he would have turned his back on the Panama Canal so long as a bill was pending in the Colombian Congress for its construction, Mr. Tillman replied with more energy than elegance that he would have reported back to Congress for further orders, and then would have said to Colombia: "You're a mangy lot: get off the face of the earth. We will take the country and build the canal." The remark is significant as indicating that there is practical unanimity in this country in the belief that Colombia's action has been insulting towards the United States, contemptuous of international interests toward the other nations of the globe, and indefensibly oppressive toward the people of Panama.

❀

The Treaty Favorably Reported

On Monday of this week the Panama Treaty was reported to the Senate from its Committee on Foreign Relations with three amendments, which, so far as can be judged at this writing, do not affect seriously the purpose or intent of the treaty. They relate to sanitation, the limitations of the cities of Colon and Panama with reference to the Canal zone, and the control of the harbors, which are to be held by the United States, for the purpose of improvement. In the Committee a motion on Saturday that the question of reporting the treaty should be determined on Monday was carried, in the absence, it is said, of all the Democratic members. When the vote in Committee was taken on Monday, only two Democrats, Senator Morgan and Senator Money, were present. The former, as expected, voted against reporting the treaty; the latter declined to vote, as he

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had not had time, he said, to study the subject. It is thus impossible to judge from the action or non-action of the minority in the Committee what their course, much less the course of their party, will be on the final vote in the Senate on the treaty.

❀

Mr. Buchanan's Confirmation

The Senate, by a vote of 38 to 16, has confirmed, after a very thorough debate, the nomination of Mr. W. I. Buchanan to be American Minister to Panama. This action is a formal ratification of the action of the President in recognizing the independence of Panama. The debate centered, not upon the fitness of Mr. Buchanan for the post, but on the constitutional right of the President to appoint a Minister to a nation before the nation had been recognized by the formal action of Congress. Respecting the eminent fitness of Mr. Buchanan for the appointment there appears to have been no question. He is an expert in South American affairs. He was Minister to the Argentine Republic under President Cleveland, made an excellent record there, and later managed the business of the New York Life Insurance Company in South America. He speaks Spanish fluently, has a wide acquaintance in Central and South American countries, and is experienced in the customs of those countries. He is a Democrat in politics; in making the appointment the President ignored political considerations and looked simply to fitness. The Latin-Americans generally have always liked him; they will talk to him freely; he can find out what Nicaragua and Costa Rica are going to do, and what the real state of affairs is in Colombia. Unfortunately, he cannot remain there longer than six weeks or two months, owing to private business engagements. As to the constitutional question, it was claimed in the Senate by Democratic Senators that "the position to which he was nominated was not in existence when the appointment was made, and the President had no right to create the position without the consent of the Senate." The action of the Senate confirms the position taken by the Administration and ably argued before the Senate by Senator Spooner, which was thus stated by Caleb Cushing in 1855:

> The President has power, by the Constitution, to appoint diplomatic agents of the United States, of any rank, at any place, and at any time, in his discretion, subject always to the constitutional conditions of relation to the Senate. The power to make such appointments is not derived from, and cannot be limited by, any act of Congress, except in so far as appropriations of money are necessary to provide means for defraying the expense of this as of any other business of the Government. It is impossible to believe that four Presidents—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—and the men who participated with them in the conduct of public affairs—emphatically the founders of the Government—did not understand this thing, or, understanding it, failed to legislate therein in conformity with the Constitution. None of the statesmen of that whole generation looked to an act of Congress for the creation of the office of public minister. . . . In a word, the power to appoint diplomatic agents, and to select for appointment any one out of the varieties of the class according to his judgment of the public service, is a constitutional function of the President, not derived from nor limitable by the Congress, but requiring only the ultimate concurrence of the Senate; and it was so understood in the early practice of the Government.

In so far as the Senate can, by its vote, determine a Constitutional question, its action in this case must be regarded as settling the principle that the recognition of the nationality of any political community which claims for itself independence is a purely executive act, not referable to either Congress or the Senate.

❀

Panama and Colombia

The Constitutional Convention began its sessions at Panama last week by listening to a congratulatory message from the Junta on the general recognition accorded the Republic of Panama in Europe and America—a token, the Junta say, that there was just cause for secession, and of confidence "in Panama's capacity to discharge the great work which her geographical position demands." The Junta recommends that the $10,000,000 to be received from the United States, if the treaty signed becomes law, be permanently invested, its interest only to be used for current

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expenses or improvements. Guatemala is to be added to the list of American Republics that have recognized Panama. General Reyes, the Colombian special envoy to the United States, is now returning to his own country. The correspondence between General Reyes and Secretary Hay has not yet been made public by our Government, which has very properly ignored a suggestion by General Reyes that it be sent to the Senate, as such a suggestion was obviously not within the scope of his duty as a foreign envoy. It is currently, and we judge semi-officially, reported that the United States has no intention of recognizing any claim from Colombia for money reparation growing out of the Panama incident, nor of going before the Hague Tribunal as a party in any way involved in the secession, whatever it may be willing to do as a mediator between Colombia and Panama. The departure of General Reyes (who, by the way, seems to have made personally an excellent impression by his courtesy and ability) and the approaching departure of Dr. Herran, the head of the Colombian Legation, will leave Colombia without representation in Washington.

❀

The Democratic Convention

The National Convention of the Democratic party will be held in St. Louis beginning July 6, which, as it rather oddly happens, is the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Republican party. There was little opposition to the choice of St. Louis as the place of meeting. It soon became evident that the attempt to procure the selection of New York City for the Convention was half-hearted and not well organized. The choice really lay, after New York was eliminated, between Chicago and St. Louis; and, according to reports very widely printed in the press of both parties, the decision against Chicago was made largely because it was feared that Chicago would be a favorable place for the development and expansion of the so-called W. R. Hearst boom. How serious this movement is it is as yet early to decide, but it is understood that an appeal will be made to the labor element to favor Mr. Hearst's candidacy. A singular outcome of the selection of St. Louis was the immediate report that Mr. Hearst had ordered sent to that city the plant for a new newspaper which he had bought with the expectation of publishing it in Boston. Rumors that Mr. Bryan supports Mr. Hearst's candidacy have not received confirmation, and the published statement by Mr. Bryan indicates that, within certain well-recognized limits, he is ready to support any candidate not specifically objectionable. The talk of the politicians gathered at the National Committee meeting gives no real indication as to the probable choice of the party. Judge Parker, Judge Gray, ex-Secretary Olney, of Massachusetts (who has just been unanimously indorsed by his State Convention), and the other much-discussed candidates are still in the field, while the sentiment in Washington last week showed a not uncommon belief that a "dark horse" might be selected. The Republican National Convention, it will be remembered, will meet at Chicago on June 21. The call was issued last week, and the unusual delay in this caused some probably baseless reports that Senator Hanna had a political object in the delay. He has explained it by saying that it was necessary in order to secure hotel arrangements at reasonable prices for the delegates.

❀

Street Railways in Cleveland

The movement for municipal control of street railway franchises which has been the center of municipal campaigns in Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years, has reached within the last week or two a new and interesting situation. It is contended by Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who has led the forces that are working for popular control, that in September of this year two of the most important franchises enjoyed by the Cleveland Electric Railway expire. In view of that fact, a new railway company organized with the intent of granting three-cent fares has applied for the franchises at their expiration. This application, at first apparently ignored by the company now operating, and then opposed in the courts by the same company, seems

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to have had the effect of bringing the old companies to consider the possibilities of a compromise. According to this suggested compromise, the old franchises will be extended for twenty years, but under them there are to be three-cent fares within a certain zone limit, universal transfers are to be given for two cents, and at the end of the twenty years municipal ownership can be provided for on the payment of the appraised value of the property plus twenty per cent. for good-will. The street railway interests, however, in order to avoid recourse to this compromise, are seeking to have the Legislature take the control of franchises away from the City Council and place it in the hands of a special State Commission. Such a measure, if adopted, would deprive the city of the management of matters which vitally concern its own welfare and concern its own welfare alone. It is natural that the plan for a State Commission should have the support of politicians in both parties; but we should like to have pointed out any reason why it should not be vigorously opposed by those who believe in sound principles of municipal government.

❀

Japan and Russia The Russians are entirely justified in contending that their special interests in Manchuria should be recognized. For that very reason, however, they should be the first to recognize the special interests in Korea of the Japanese, who control a vastly greater proportion of Korean trade than do the Russians of Manchurian trade. Japan has never refused to recognize Russia's material interests in Manchuria, but she will not admit that they constitute the right to abrogate Chinese sovereignty there. It is, however, about Korea that the contention between Japan and Russia principally rages—a country which was conquered by Japan centuries ago, and has since then, though enjoying independent sovereignty, remained under Japanese influence, as is natural, since nine-tenths of Korea is in Japanese hands; besides which, Korea is now needed for the redundant population of the islands. Notwithstanding these facts, we read in the Russian reply last week to the Japanese note: "Russia *allows* Japan full commercial freedom in North Korea, but Japan must not permanently occupy fortified towns." "A neutral zone fifty kilometers broad [thirty-one miles] *is to be* created between Korea and Manchuria." How can Russia "allow" and command in Korean territory? Yet Russia rarely takes an arrogant position from which she cannot recede, if desirable. As her position to-day may be reversed to-morrow, it does not necessarily mean war. Indeed, three circumstances now militate against war: (1) The Czar's undoubtedly earnest and sincere desire for peace—and the Czar is still supposed to be supreme. (2) The apparent impossibility of playing further upon French vanity, as is shown by the failure to float another huge Russian loan in Paris, and by the fact that no French journal has enthusiastically espoused the Russo-French alliance as against Japan. (3) The increasing evidence of moral support to Japan by other Powers. Hence, in her reply last week to Russia, Japan was proportionately strengthened in her insistence upon the acceptance of her original demands for the recognition by Russia of the integrity of China and Korea and for the recognition of Japanese special interests in the latter country in return for the recognition of Russian special interests in Manchuria. In the ultimate analysis, however, Japan is contending, not merely for increase in trade and population, but for her very right as a nation to exist at all. Japanese diplomats declare that, unless checked, the continual aggression of the Russians is bound to absorb, not only North China and Korea, but Japan herself.

❀

Japan and America The most notable move in the Russo-Japanese game last week, or at any time, was not made by Russians or by Japanese, but by an American. Certainly this move was no "bluff," as was the Russian reply last week which we have already stated. Elsewhere we comment editorially on the latest triumph of the American Secretary of State's "open-door"

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policy as it affects American interests. As it affects Japanese interests, it is not surprising that Japanese diplomats last week were quick to make it a part of their cause. The American agreement with China absolutely ignores Russia; hence it would seem, say the Japanese, to involve the maintenance of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria; if Japan goes to war, they add, it will really be for an issue on which America has diplomatically insisted. While this may be stretching the case, no one doubts that America intends to keep that which her Secretary of State has won for her; it is also undeniable that what America has accomplished would seem to make for Chinese administrative integrity. A tortuous diplomacy was shown last week, when the Russian Government refused to discuss Manchurian affairs with the Japanese on the ground that Manchuria was not a proper subject for discussion, any more than was Australia. The inference was, of course, that Manchuria was foreign territory; yet the sometimes inspired Russian journal, the "Novoe Vremja," had said a few days before: "Undoubtedly the United States, above all other Powers, can confidently expect that its trade will not suffer by Russia's *possession* of Manchuria." In the same spirit, Count Cassini was informing Mr. Hay that the Russian Government would place no obstacle in the way of the open door in Manchuria. How could it, we ask, if Manchuria is foreign territory? Checked by American insistence, peace may be temporarily preserved in Asia. For the future, however—not the far but the near future—the Japanese justly feel that, when the Russian policy of Manchurian absorption definitely crosses into Korea, as it now seems to be doing, nothing can avert an ultimate war.

❀

Japan and England Not only America last week, but England also, materially strengthened Japan's hands. The recent armistice between Chili and Argentina resulted in the offer by those countries to sell four war-ships which had been constructed in Europe for the prospective combatants. All four represent the most modern improvements. The two Chilian ships were in England. Russia promptly offered an enormous price for them, but, loyal to the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the British Government promptly outbid the Russian. In any case, England might have exercised the prerogative which she has always asserted was her own—that of purchasing any war-ship in process of construction in British yards. The Argentine cruisers were in Italy, and were bought outright by Japan for $7,500,000. Though Russia got some war-ships from the Baltic to the Mediterranean in time to shadow the new Japanese cruisers on their journey eastward, when they all reached the Suez Canal a great English war-ship, the King Alfred, happened to be also coaling for the self-same voyage. Thus, within a fortnight, England has twice shown that she knows how to be a good ally, even before war is declared. All the ships are now in the Red Sea, and their race to Nagasaki, in view of possible complications, is attracting an interest only second to that excited in 1898 by the race around South America of our own battle-ship Oregon. Japan has further increased her fleet by stopping the San Francisco, Bombay, and Sydney services, thus adding twenty-five steamers to her navy. For her part, Russia has ordered from this country for immediate shipment immense consignments of wheat, meats, and wagons. The new steamer line from Odessa to New York has been temporarily abandoned on account of the Government's requisitions; nor has Russia denied the persistent rumor that she intends to risk sending her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles. It will be interesting to see if the Powers acquiesce in this breach of treaty.

❀

The Korean Crisis Last week the American guard at the United States Legation at Seoul, the Korean capital, was increased by the arrival of sixty marines from the Vicksburg at Chemulpho, the port of Seoul, twenty-six miles away. The railway connecting the two cities was constructed by Americans, as was also the electric power-

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house at Seoul, where the marines are quartered. Americans have built the Seoul electric railway, the largest in Asia, and have spent great sums in operating gold-mines. Troops of the respective Powers now guard the foreign residences in Seoul, and, we hope, in sufficient numbers to keep the natives in check, should they attempt to make trouble. As the people have justly been more angry at their own supine monarch and his so-called government than at the foreigners, the latter are not considered to be in the same danger as were the foreigners in China in 1900.

❀

Lord Curzon's Visit to Persia

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, lately returned to that country from an official cruise along the Persian coast, which, although independent, is really under the protection of Great Britain just as much as northern Persia is under the protection of Russia. The Viceroy of Bushir was not ready to receive Lord Curzon on the arrival of that dignitary, and, as a mark of official displeasure, the latter sailed away without entering the harbor. This is a more serious event in the Orient, where custom and tradition rule with apparent unreasonableness, than it is in the Occident. Its interest to the world lies in the fact that it shows England's seeming security as to the continuance of her commercial and military domination in the Persian Gulf, which she has maintained (giving security to all the Arabian and Persian tribes on the border) for several generations. Doubtless England might find other powers—especially Russia—who would willingly relieve her of this burden. In his recent valuable volume, however, "Retrospect and Prospect," Captain Mahan points out that the Persian Gulf involves not merely England's convenience but her duty, because she must protect (1) British security in India, which of course would be materially affected by an adverse change in political control of the Persian Gulf; (2) the safety of the great sea route, commercial and military, to India and to farther Asia, on which British shipping is still actually the chief traveler; (3) the economic and commercial welfare of India, which can act politically only through the Empire, a dependence which greatly enhances obligation. In view of Russian relations to the world in Manchuria and Korea, Captain Mahan's remarks concerning the third condition are of peculiar pertinence. Pre-eminently among nations, Russia adopts an exclusive policy towards foreign industries. Applied to what is now Persia this would be a direct injury to India, which carries on a large part of South Persian trade, as might be naturally expected from the nearness of the two countries. "The royal highway of the sea is very clear and open, a condition which ministers to the conservatism and acquired principle of non-interference which distinguishes Great Britain." But the trade of North Persia certainly falls to Russia; with characteristic acuteness, the Russian Government has intervened to promote facility of communications, to which the land by its refractory surface has continually presented obstacles. These two departments of the Persian trade tend continually to approach. When the moment of attack comes, as in Korea, the result will depend upon the facts of political position on the one side or on the other. Lord Curzon's action is really a notice to Russia that England feels sure of the now traditional Anglo-Indian dominance in the Persian Gulf.

❀

M. Combes and the Roman Catholics

On Friday of last week M. Combes, French Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, threatened to proclaim five bishops as elected, even though the Pope had not yet approved their election. Under the Concordat concluded a century ago between Napoleon and Pius VII. the French Government has the right to nominate the candidates for prelatical honors; in return for which the Roman Catholic clergy are paid from the Government's exchequer. The Pope has long delayed his approval of the recent nominations, and the question now is, Will Pius X. be as obdurate as was Innocent XII. towards Louis XIV. under somewhat similar circumstances? Disagree-

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ments in State jurisdiction over the Church in the matter of nominations have generally resulted in the Church's triumph. But that other question, now more than ever to the fore in France, the relation of the Church to education, has so far resulted in the triumph of the State. The question as to education is, Will the State continue to triumph? The Combes Ministry was supposed to be a stop-gap affair. Competent observers prophesied a life of two or three weeks for it. Its life is now measured by years. Its command of the radical and anti-clerical element in politics seems stronger than ever. Its majority in the Chamber of Deputies the other day reached a hundred votes. It has already checked the anti-republican machinations of such monastic orders as the Assumptionists, for instance, on the proof that they were disloyal to the State, and has expelled all orders which would not submit to State authority. It now proposes a further step. It has introduced a measure to prohibit all monastic teaching in French schools. Under the Concordat, priests and bishops are recognized by the State, not monks. Despite the splendid work done by the teaching monastic orders, M. Combes apparently thinks that unprecedentedly drastic legislation is necessary completely to rid France of a subtle undermining of confidence in the Republic. Accordingly, if the Ministers can impose their views on Parliament, even those monks who have submitted to State authority may shortly find themselves without employment in France. It is true that religious and educational problems would be simplified by the expulsion of all monks from France. It is also true that he who fights Rome must have a long arm and be prepared for a conflict of centuries.

❀

Turkey's Troubles

Last week the city of Beirut, Syria, was again the scene of unrest. Thirteen hundred troops had recently been landed from Yemen, Arabia, where there had been an insurrection. The troops immediately besieged the Governor's palace at Beirut, demanding the payment of about $80,000 in arrears and in the case of non-payment threatening to burn the city. By making daily small advances the Governor succeeded in pacifying the men. To do this he borrowed so much from the Ottoman Bank's Beirut branch that when it closed its doors, owing to a holiday, the mutineers threatened to sack the bank. Fortunately for the preservation of order, the American armored cruiser Brooklyn is still at the port of Beirut. During the week the Sultan's troubles seemed to increase in all parts of his dominions. In Arabia rebellion broke out afresh. In Armenia, according to advices from Harput, the feeling between the Kurds and the Armenians has grown in bitterness and in lawless expression. In Albania four thousand natives checked the imposition of the Austro-Russian reform system. In Macedonia there was further rapine and massacre.

❀

A Labor Leader as a Critic of Trades-Unions

Within the past year, when labor disturbances have been especially acute—specifically, for example, in the building trades in New York City and in the miners' strike in Colorado—there have been signs that the rank and file of organized workingmen are feeling, not merely disinclined, but positively opposed, to the extreme measures adopted by some labor organizations. The revulsion from what has been termed organized tyranny has been expressed in words so well chosen and vigorous that we quote them at some length: "In many trades the unions have become so strong that the regulation of their present power is at least as important as the acquisition of more power. . . . The workers, finding themselves freed from the subject conditions of the past, . . . strive for ideal conditions at a leap. . . . After submitting to the tyranny of the foreman, they seek, when able to enforce their mandates in the shop, to usurp his function, and even challenge the employer's authority in the legitimate conduct of his business. . . . Organized groups of workmen, when once secure in their position, even legislate against their fellow union men by restricting the number

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allotted to each shop, and by forbidding other workmen to enter the trade, in order to create an artificial scarcity of labor. . . . Will the unions develop the capacity to restrain themselves and place themselves in harmony with society? What is needed at this supreme moment is a demonstration of this needed restraint. . . . It is idle to poohpooh the organized opposition to the labor movement. . . . It is apprehension of the danger that comes from an irresponsible and unguided power that has generated this opposition." These very searching criticisms come not from an opponent but an advocate of organized labor, one who is not merely a member but an official in a trades-union—Mr. Henry White, editor of the organ of the United Garment Workers of America. It is because The Outlook is a believer in organized labor that it welcomes this frank and true statement of the special dangers confronting the labor movement, especially as it comes from such a source. As Mr. White himself says, "It is infinitely better for wrong tendencies to be checked from within than through chastisement administered from without." To those who hold to the belief that the trades-unions represent on the whole a healthy social condition and moral sense among the workingmen of America, this statement of Mr. White's is an evidence that this belief is not misplaced.

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A Labor Law as a Hygienic Measure

The law in New York State limiting the hours of work for bakers to sixty hours a week, or ten hours a day, has been sustained by the highest court in the State. It had been attacked on the ground that it was unconstitutional. The fact that it is designated a labor law gave color to the objection that it interfered with the right of private contract. The decision of the court, however, which was written by Judge Parker, places it as a measure for the protection of the public health. The police power of the Legislature, says the decision, justifies the requirement that floors, ceilings, and sidewalks be of "such material as that they may be readily cleansed," and that food be kept clean; the same power justifies the Legislature in so regulating the conduct of the business of bakers "as to best promote and protect the health of the people." "It is but reasonable to assume from this statute as a whole . . . that a man is more likely to be careful and cleanly when well and not overworked than when exhausted by fatigue," so the court declares, and adds that, according to medical authorities, bakers are to be classified with "stone-cutters and file-grinders and other workers whose occupation necessitates the inhalation of dust particles, and hence predisposes its members to consumption." Because it is a hygienic regulation, therefore, this ten-hour law is declared constitutional. The question naturally arises whether any law limiting the hours of labor may not be defended on similar grounds. There does not seem to be any line that clearly separates this law from any eight-hour law, for instance. In England, where there is no written constitution to be interpreted, the decision as to what regulation is necessary for the public health rests with Parliament; in this country the decision appears to rest with the courts.

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Offensive Advertising

The suggestion in the second annual message of Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, to the Legislature of that State, urging a concerted effort to remove the advertising signs placed along the lines of railway through the State, is one which ought to have the support of every citizen who cares for the dignity and beauty of the landscape. The Governor has caused an enumeration to be made, and finds that no less that sixteen hundred signboards of all kinds, "disfigured by all sorts of effigies of impossible men and women . . ." and advertising "remedies for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, as well as all sorts of foods and drinks," greet the passengers on the railway trains as they pass through different sections of New Jersey. The scores of thousands of men and women who live in the New Jersey towns and cities near New York are compelled, whenever they come to or go from the city, to pass a long procession of monstrosities in the

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way of advertising signs, and vigorous condemnation is heard on all sides. These signs are an outrage on the traveling public, which finds itself forced to read about remedies, articles of food and wearing apparel, instead of securing a clear view of what is, in many seasons of the year, a bit of landscape of exceptional interest and beauty. The journey from New York to Philadelphia is made hideous by a long procession of signs which seem to move with the trains, many of which are vulgar, all of which are offensive; and the day is not distant, which Governor Murphy foresees, when the passenger "will pass through a continuous and unbroken lane of sign-boards that will trouble his nights and days with suggestions of things that are disagreeable." Governor Murphy proposes to strike at this abomination by levying a high tax. If the State is to be used for advertising purposes and the public are to be offended, somebody ought to pay for the privilege; and the rate of payment ought to be made so high that this kind of advertising will cease to be profitable for the proprietors of patent medicines, or the inventors of gigantic elephants, monstrous cologne bottles, and other things. Advertising by the use of the bill-board has been greatly abused; and good taste, sound morals, and a proper regard for the education of the people and for their feelings will some day compel a rigid restriction of this form of advertising. Some forms of advertising are offensive, not only in themselves, but because they obtrude upon and destroy privacy—one of the most precious rights of the individual, and one of which the American citizen possesses least. It is very much to be hoped that the Legislature of New Jersey will follow the Governor's initiative and levy a prohibitory tax on bill-board advertising along railroads. In a Southern city certain advertisements of a patent medicine which are familiar to travelers in all parts of the country, and which are unpardonably vulgar, are torn down as fast as they are put up, out of respect to the women of the place. The Outlook is opposed to mob law in all forms, but this irregular action is the expression of a righteous indignation.

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The Southern Educational Conference

There is doubtless some ground for the criticism of Americans that they are too negligent of their political duties, and especially that the best men accept public office with reluctance or absolutely refuse to accept it; but it must be said that often the best men are engaged in services of greater value to the public than any which they could render in public office. We are not inappreciative of the patriotic spirit which animates and the public service which has been rendered by such men as Cleveland and Roosevelt and Olney and Root and Hay in the Nation, and such men as Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and Governor Montague, of Virginia, in the South. But patriotism finds other avenues of service. We doubt whether any official in Louisiana is doing more for his State than President Alderman, of Tulane University, or any official in Georgia more than Chancellor Hill, of the University of that State, or any in North Carolina more than President McIver, of the State Normal College at Greensboro, or any in Virginia more than Professor Mitchell, of Richmond College, or any in the National Congress more than Robert C. Ogden, of New York City. These remarks are suggested by the meeting of a score or more of leading educators, North and South, convened last week in New York City, on the invitation of Mr. Robert C. Ogden, to compare views and inspire one another's hope and courage in the work of Southern education. There was great value in some of the papers read and addresses delivered on this occasion, and one of them, that of Professor Mitchell, The Outlook has secured and will give to its readers in an early issue. But more important than any address or paper was the mutual interchange, unreported and unreportable, and still more important the hearty and cordial agreement of Northern and Southern leaders, both illustrated and emphasized by this Conference, in the resolve to lay, in a broad, generous, and liberal

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education, provided alike for men of both races and of all classes, the foundations for that new social, industrial, and political order which is now rising with wonderful rapidity in the South, where the old foundation once flourished, and where now no one ever wishes to see it restored. The first condition of a successful solution of the race problem is accord between South and North, and accord also between white and black. There are certain not too scrupulous newspapers and politicians who are doing all they can to promote separation and incite hostility, both between the sections and between the races. It is both a good and a hopeful augury that at such a time the influence of this Southern Educational Conference is silently filtering down through the school-teachers of the South, and gradually pervading the rising generation—an influence wholly promotive of peace and progress, of universal education and universal humanity.

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The Industrial Missions Association of America

Mr. H. W. Fry, who as a traveler and while engaged in business in India saw the need of establishing industries in connection with foreign missionary stations, has put it into the minds of a number of prominent and responsible gentlemen to organize the Industrial Missions Association of America. This new society is not to do the work of the usual missionary board, but to co-operate with all missionary boards that desire to develop the industrial life of the people among whom they are working. Early missionaries not only preached but also relieved sickness. Later it was seen that in order properly to treat disease it was necessary to send trained physicians as missionaries; so arose the medical missions; and now foreign missions mean not only churches but hospitals. There have always been missionaries who laid emphasis on the moral and religious value of industry and self-help. Johann Friedrich Oberlin introduced improved methods of agriculture and built roads and bridges. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin organized a force for baking bread and washing clothes for the Turkish soldiery. The time has now come to recognize that poverty and want need the attention of the trained missionary as well as do immorality, ignorance, and disease. For this reason some mission stations have organized industries, and to the church and school and hospital have added the factory. For the sake of the converts, who often on account of their faith lose their means of support, and for the sake of other natives whose lives need the ministry not only of preaching, teaching, and medicine, but of industry, there is now established an enterprise by which this side of mission work may be directed by trained and expert men. It is not intended that the Industrial Missions Association shall be altogether supported by charitable contributions, though some money will be needed to start the project successfully; the organization, it is hoped, will be self-supporting. The establishment of factories, the development of home industries, the supervision of the transportation of goods, the maintenance of depots for the sale of mission manufactures, will all be among the objects of the Association. A similar society in Great Britain has been carried on, on somewhat narrower lines than those contemplated in this American society. The Association has the support of such men as Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. J. L. Barton, Mr. Robert E. Speer, the Rev. H. N. Cobb, and others equally prominent in missionary work, as well as discreet business men and lawyers. The headquarters of the Industrial Missions Association of America are at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. It has already begun to place on sale mission merchandise. Circular information may be had on application.

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Dr. Dabney's Change

The resignation by Dr. Charles W. Dabney of the presidency of the University of Tennessee ends a remarkable chapter of progress in the history of that important institution, and brings prominently before the public one of the most significant and striking phases of the present educational movement in the South, which The Outlook has more

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than once interpreted as holding a foremost place among contemporary movements in this country. Dr. Dabney has served the University of Tennessee with the enthusiasm of a religious devotion. In fact, one of the most inspiring elements in the educational movement in the South is the spirit of consecration which fills its leaders and which makes them servants of their time in the truest sense of the word. A man thoroughly equipped for the headship of an educational institution, of abounding health and untiring energy, Dr. Dabney has put the University of Tennessee into the very front rank of Southern institutions, and has acquired in the meantime a National reputation. To his energy and sagacity have been due in large measure, not only the success of the University, but the marvelous success of the Summer School, which has brought together thousands of teachers from all parts of the South, and has served as a kind of distributing center for the spiritual and intellectual influences which are now penetrating that section in all quarters through its teachers. Fortunately, Dr. Dabney's acceptance of the position of President of the University of Cincinnati will not take him out of the field in which he has done such conspicuous work, for the university to which he goes is at a strategical point on the educational map of the country, between the North and the South, in a position to render great services to education in both sections. It is understood that Dr. Dabney has accepted his new position upon such terms as to insure great enlargement of the resources and the teaching power of the University of Cincinnati.

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Bishop Brent on the Philippines

The Right Rev. C. H. Brent, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippine Islands, has just returned from a long tour in Luzon, and thus reports his conclusions, which we summarize from the "Spirit of Missions:" (1) "The Filipinos have no common national life. In other words, they are not a nation or a people. Tribal rivalries still exist." Of course, as the Bishop says, in provinces more or less isolated the tribal feeling is stronger than in those which have easy intercourse one with another. The Manila-Dagupan railway, for instance, has done much to break down the spirit of exclusion. Hence (2) "the establishment and maintenance of good roads is one of the greatest needs of the islands." While the military began a good work in this direction, it has, Dr. Brent affirms, not been followed up by the civil Government; "not that the Commission is indifferent to the need, but conditions are extremely difficult." We would like to know how much more difficult conditions are now than under military rule. (3) "The principle that lay behind the *Guardia Civil* of the Spanish Government is a correct one." The natives must be called more and more to act as the guardians and policemen of their own special territory. (4) An observation which is really only the logical sequence from Bishop Brent's second statement is that the admirable school work now being done in Luzon will be largely nullified so long as lack of communication exists between place and place. Finally (5) as to religion, we find a testimony to an exemplary Roman Catholic practice which has not had the commendation it deserves:

> Places in which no priest had been for years have weekly services under the direction of some layman. This happens in a Church where the prerogatives of the priesthood are very carefully guarded.

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The New Sage Chapel

A correspondent gives on another page a description of the new Sage Chapel of Cornell University of New York State. It was rededicated with simple services—a sermon in the morning, a remarkable musical service in the afternoon—on Sunday, January 17. Despite a snowstorm, zero weather, and a cutting wind, the chapel was crowded to the doors, not only all the seats but all the available standing room being occupied. Cornell University is a wholly undenominational institution. It has no ecclesiastical connections of any description. Its students, very largely drawn from the public schools of the State, are of every denomination and of none. Its

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professors are selected wholly with reference to their ability in their several departments, without any reference to their religious views. Attendance on the religious exercises of the University are entirely optional. It is a significant confirmation of the recent testimony in our columns by nineteen college presidents to the essentially religious influence of our undenominational schools and colleges that this University has one of the largest and most efficient of the college Young Men's Christian Associations, that the chapel provided for public worship by the University is probably the handsomest and most elaborately and ecclesiastically decorated college chapel in the United States, and that under an absolutely voluntary system it is always full and often overcrowded. These facts illustrate the truth that Christianity is more than any Church and more than all the churches. They illustrate the fact that in the United States the Christian religion knocks at the doors of every institution of learning, and finds its way in, however unecclesiastical the institution may be. They re-emphasize the truth, which ecclesiastics sometimes doubt—for there is no skepticism more determined and deadly than ecclesiastical skepticism—that, as Sabatier says, "Man is incurably religious."

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Honor Before Wealth

The following petition has been forwarded to the United States Senate, signed by some leading citizens of New Haven, including about a dozen professors of Yale University. It should be borne in mind by the reader, however, that these gentlemen do not assume to represent the opinions of the University, but only their own individual opinions, a truth emphasized by the fact that the names of the President of the University and of a hundred professors are not appended:

To the Honorable Senate of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, residents of the city of New Haven, without distinction of party, respectfully state:

That there is a recognized body of laws which ought to govern the conduct of nations.

That that law is uniform, not one for the strong and another for the weak, but the same for all.

That a belief has arisen in the minds of many in this country and abroad that in our relations with the State of Colombia we have acted with undue haste; that we have violated, and are about to violate, the rules of international law; and that we are adopting a line of conduct towards that country which we would not take against a stronger Power.

That the fact that Colombia, owing to its comparative weakness, is powerless to resist, demands of us the more caution to avoid the suspicion that we are making an unjust use of our greater power. The mere existence of such a suspicion is injurious to our honor and self-respect.

We respectfully ask that, before final ratification of the Hay-Varilla Treaty, our action in Panama be subjected to careful and deliberate investigation, to the end, not only that the Republic may do no wrong, but that its good repute in the world, which is dearer than any gain of lands or trade, should suffer no loss.

Dated at New Haven this 24th day of December, A.D. 1903.

In the judgment of The Outlook, all the facts necessary to a full understanding of the action of the Government in Panama have been already made known. No further information is necessary to enable the country to judge whether its action has been consonant with the highest honor or not. In our judgment, also, the decision on that question ought not to affect the ratification of the pending treaty with the Republic of Panama. Panama is now an independent Republic; its national existence has been recognized by practically all the world powers, including the United States; and this recognition on our part has been confirmed by the United States Senate by an overwhelming majority. Nothing we can now honorably do can deprive her of her independence. If the world is to have a canal at all through the Isthmus of Panama, it must be by treaty with the Republic of Panama. It cannot be built in any other way.

But we heartily indorse the affirmation of this petition that the mere existence of a suspicion that we are making an unjust use of our great power is injurious to our honor and self-respect, that no care can be too great to make sure

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that we do no wrong, and that our National honor is dearer than any gain of lands or trade.

These sentiments are not confined to the gentlemen who have signed this petition, nor to those newspapers and political leaders who for the last two months have been diligently cultivating a crop of suspicions injurious to our honor and self-respect. If the Democratic orators and the Democratic newspapers could persuade the country that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay had violated their own lifelong traditions and the best traditions of the Nation whose representatives they are, and made an unjust use of the Nation's great power, the Nation would retire them from office at the next election. No considerable number of Americans believe that any conceivable gain in lands or trade could outweigh the disadvantage of a loss in National honor. In truth, the two possessions cannot be weighed in the same scales.

Napoleon said that the English were a nation of shopkeepers. The same thing has been said of America, sometimes by Americans. Pessimists have assured us that as a nation we are suffering from a bad case of blood-poisoning diagnosed as commercialism; that we have but one sensitive nerve, namely, the money nerve; that the only peril we fear is a peril to our pocket, and the only advantages we covet are advantages to our pocket. Recent events seem to us abundantly to disprove these charges.

One day the Nation is awakened with a start by the discovery of events which appear to have occurred suddenly because they have transpired suddenly. A weaker community which has long been bullying a still weaker one is suddenly halted by a revolution long generating though quickly exploding. The interests of the United States are incidentally promoted by the revolution. Its pocket is somewhat, though only indirectly, helped by the success of the revolution; and it has no commercial interest, direct or indirect, immediate or remote, upon the side of the bullying power. Instantly all the chivalry of the Nation is alert to make sure that our great power has not been used by our commercial interests to promote the revolution from which indirectly we are to profit. Suspicion is awakened, not because anything has been done or omitted which could give a reasonable ground for suspicion, but because the Nation both suspects and dreads its own money power, and is both eager and resolute to see that no possible gain in lands or trade shall tempt the National representatives to a course of action which can injure the fair fame of the country or do injustice to its weaker neighbor. We doubt whether the chivalric age of feudalism affords a finer illustration of sensitiveness and alertness of honor than is afforded by this democratic Nation in this commercial age.

It is partly because we are confident that none of the signers of this petition has a finer sense of personal honor, or puts a higher value on the honor of the Nation, or estimates more accurately the real value of lands and trade, than do Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers in Washington, and partly because a careful study of the course of our National action at Panama has convinced us that every step has been in accordance with the highest dictates of National honor and with the essential principles of international law, that we cannot join the signers of this petition in asking for any further investigation. But should Colombia interpose any claim against this Nation for any act or omission, and should the facts already known, or any facts elicited by further investigation, develop in the Senate even a reasonable minority willing to stand sponsor for the claim that America, by the unjust use of its great power, has done any wrong to Colombia, The Outlook would add its voice to that which, presumably, these signers would be ready to exercise, in favor of submitting the claim to the Hague Tribunal for settlement. We believe that our course has been such that Colombia will hesitate to present any claim for damages; we believe that our course has been such that we can without fear of reproach see the record of it unrolled before any honorable body of judicially-minded men; we should be willing to abide the judgment which

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any such body of men might pass upon it; and we almost regret that Colombia is not in a moral position to make up and submit a case to the Hague Tribunal, if only for the purpose of enabling the United States to bear its witness to the dignity and the practical value of that method of settling National controversies.

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Arbitration with England

The International Arbitration Conference, which met in Washington last week, represented the growing conviction and the passionate hope of an increasing number of the best men and women, not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world. When General Sherman declared that war was hell, he put a fact in the most concrete way. There are vast differences in the methods of waging war; some are more humane than others; but at the best war introduces that element of pure destruction, and leaves behind it, for the moment at least, that kind of chaos, which are best interpreted to modern ears by the strong phrase of General Sherman. Modern men and women hate war with increasing hatred because of its destructiveness, its cruelty, its interference with the higher processes of life, its interruption of the normal growth of communities, its confusion of ethical ideals, its substitution of lower for higher ends. It grows more and more abhorrent as the spirit of Christianity enters more and more deeply into the hearts of modern men and women.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the two hundred delegates who attended the convention in Washington represented the best in American communities—in character, culture, public service, and wealth; and that among them were to be found representatives of the American army, which has always been subordinate to the civil power, and which has become of late years a force for order and education rather than a force for destruction. A movement which commands the support of such men as President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Gompers, the presidents of eight or ten colleges, and such representative citizens as Messrs. Francis L. Stetson, Everett P. Wheeler, John Crosby Brown, and A. Foster Higgins, of New York, has behind it the authority of the support of men who are accustomed to deal strongly with practical affairs. That the meetings were characterized by great enthusiasm was not unexpected; that the action of the Conference was thoroughly wise and practical was inevitable with such men at the front. There were many significant and impressive speeches—notably that by Dr. Hale; and the purpose of the Conference was expressed in a series of resolutions which recommended the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain "to submit to arbitration by the permanent court at The Hague, . . . or to some tribunal specially constituted," the consideration of cases of difference between the two Governments which these Governments may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations. The resolutions urged that the two Governments should agree not to resort in any case to hostile measures until an effort has been made to settle any matter in dispute by arbitration, and they further recommend that the United States shall, as soon as practicable, enter into treaties to the same effect with other Powers.

This is a wise first step. It attacks the problem at close range and in a thoroughly practical way. Six years ago, a treaty planned to secure substantially the same results—submission to arbitration of all differences between the United States and England—was rejected by the Senate, although it had the backing of both President Cleveland and President McKinley. Many things have changed since that time, and the Senate has probably not remained wholly uninfluenced by the steady growth of opinion. The Hague Tribunal has been established and is in active operation. The leadership in point of time which the United States ought to have taken in this matter has been seized by France and Italy and by France and England, between which countries such agreements for arbitration of contested matters have been formally adopted. We are now following a precedent instead of creating one, borrowing an idea instead of originating it; but

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we cannot be too rapid in getting into line with this advance movement. The presentation of the resolutions adopted by the Conference to the President drew from Mr. Roosevelt a declaration that he was heartily in accord with the Conference, that he would devote his early consideration to the subject and take all possible practical action in the direction of bringing about such understanding between this country and other nations. Public opinion ought to be brought to bear on the Senate to secure speedy action along the lines marked out by the Conference.

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Our Duty toward Porto Rico

We call the attention of our readers to a letter on another page from a correspondent in Porto Rico. It was called out by an editorial in The Outlook in which we pointed out the facts: (1) that at the time of the American occupation there was not a school-house in Porto Rico; (2) that there are fifty thousand children now in school; (3) that there are three hundred and ten thousand unprovided for; while (4) we contended that Porto Rico is a part of the United States, and that the United States ought in some way to make provision for those three hundred and ten thousand children, providing, if necessary, for their education out of the Federal treasury. This position our correspondent confirms. It appears to us, on his showing, that these children must be provided for by the United States, or the greater part of them will grow up in ignorance.

We should sympathize more with the contention of Bishop Blenk that these children should be gathered into church schools in order that they may receive religious and moral as well as intellectual culture, were it not for the fact that the Church never has gathered them into schools in the past history of Porto Rico. This cannot be because the Church believes in ignorance; it must be because the Church has not had the means to provide these children with education. It has no greater means now. The question, therefore, for Bishop Blenk to consider is, not whether the children shall be taught in State or in church schools, but whether they shall be taught at all. Surely the Bishop cannot think that ignorance is a better field in which to develop piety than intelligence; surely he must believe that an educated people, even if their education is not all that he wishes it to be in morals and religion, will be more capable of receiving moral and religious education than a people who are ignorant. We cannot believe that he thinks that superstition is the mother of piety.

The Church cannot educate these children, because it has not means. For the same reason, Porto Rico cannot educate them. Its poverty makes this impossible. Only very, very slowly can the people of Porto Rico hope to acquire the means which will enable them to provide and equip a public-school system. Their poverty will keep them ignorant; their ignorance will keep them poor. These people are, if not citizens of the United States, subjects of the United States. Having taken them under our guardianship, we do not fulfill our whole duty toward them by simply protecting their civil rights from domestic violence or foreign assault. It is our duty to equip them for self-government at the earliest practicable moment. Popular education is the basis of popular government, and the United States ought to frame and carry out some systematic plan for laying the foundations of popular government, by popular education, in Porto Rico. We believe that the best method would be to clothe the Commissioner of Education with power to organize a public-school system for Porto Rico, as we have clothed the Indian Bureau with power to organize public schools for the Indian children; but we are not urgent as to the method. We are urgent only that the result be secured. It is a poor economy which loads down the people of the United States with three hundred and ten thousand ignorant children in Porto Rico, in order to save the extra expense involved in furnishing such an education to them as will make them industrially independent.

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American Interests in Asia

The proclamation last week of the Americo-Chinese Treaty calls renewed attention to American interests of commerce and civilization in Asia.

During the last decade American exports to China have increased sixfold, and with the Chinese province of Manchuria American trade has specially increased. We are therefore interested in a change of political control in China more than any other Power, because the possible value of our trade is, we believe, greater than that of any other country.

The Americo-Chinese Treaty which now goes into effect is the result of nearly a year and a half's negotiation, but it is no mere coincidence that on the day when the Chinese Emperor signed our treaty he also signed a Japano-Chinese treaty covering much the same ground as ours. The telegraphic exchange of supplementary protocols resulted from a desire on both sides that the new arrangement should take practical effect, if possible, before the outbreak of hostilities in Asia, if they must come. The principal provisions of the treaty relate to trade, and the provision which takes effect immediately is that which opens three new localities in Manchuria to foreign trade—Mukden, Antung, and Tatungkau. Mukden being provided for in a similar Japano-Chinese treaty, also proclaimed, Japan and America will occupy the same vantage ground as an outpost for their trade. However pertinent Russia's objection that Mukden, a river port, may not be regarded as belonging to international trade as a coastal port does, Manchuria is still Chinese and not Russian territory. In conceding the American and Japanese requests for trade enlargement, the Chinese Government has done precisely what it did when the Powers, Russia included, requested the opening of Hankau and other river ports in China to international commerce. Mukden marks, as has nothing else, the fact that American and Japanese commercial interests are one. Hence, in her contention with Russia as to Manchuria, Japan has been really America's protagonist. The presence at an early date of our consular officers, not only on the coast but in the interior of Manchuria, will, we trust, not only insure the principles of "the open door" there, but will also diminish Russian opposition to Japan's demands concerning that region.

We are glad to note an evidence that this is so. The day after the Chinese Emperor signed the American treaty, Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, called upon Secretary Hay and repeated to him the assurance of the Russian Government that "Russian authorities will place no obstacle in the way of the full enjoyment, by the Powers having treaties with China, of all the rights and privileges guaranteed by such treaties in Manchuria." Mr. Hay may be congratulated on having pressed our claims upon China at a time when Russian commercial needs have made it necessary to conciliate American public opinion. Because of this it looks more and more as if Japan might obtain her demand, namely, the realization of Russia's voluntary pledges representing Chinese territorial integrity in Manchuria, together with the freedom of residential rights and international trade there. In this demand America strongly sympathizes, as she also does in the second Japanese demand upon Russia for the preservation of Korean territorial integrity with the continuance of Japanese commercial and political preponderance. Whatever may be said in favor of Russian claims in Manchuria, in Korea Russia versus Japan is simply a case of greed versus need.

Our second interest in Asia is that of civilization. The Russians profess a dread of "the awakening of Asia." The Russians call it "The Yellow Peril," adopting the German Emperor's apt phrase, and indeed it does seem yellow when we consider that Japan is now strongly influencing Korea, China, Indo-China, Siam, Burma, India, even Persia. The Grand Vizier from the last-named country recently paid a visit of political significance to the Mikado. In India, sympathy with Japan as the leading Asiatic Power is intense. Last year the Crown Prince of Siam paid a state visit

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to Japan. In Indo-China the native agitation is apparently due in great part to the attraction of the people to Japan's hegemony in Asian politics. This new orientation does not escape the characteristic acuteness of the Russians. They call attention to the fact that Japan's leadership of all these peoples means a new racial and "heathen" solidarity in Asia. A Russian leadership, on the contrary, they say, would mean the leadership in Asia of the Caucasian race and of Christianity.

It is true that no one can look on the noble and sympathetic faces of such Russians as Nicholas II. and Sergius de Witte, for example, and then contrast them with the apparently sinister countenances of such Japanese leaders as Oyama and Yamagata, without feeling a certain confidence in the Caucasian Russians which one can hardly feel for the yellower Mongolians. Yet the Slav is a very different racial product from the Anglo-Saxon; "when you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar." As recent events have shown, the Russians are capable of out-Orientalizing the Orientals. Take, for instance, the assurance given to the Powers in 1895 by Russia that Japan must not be allowed to retain that portion of Chinese mainland which the Emperor of China had covenanted to give as Japan's just gain by war. Russia declared that "the integrity of Chinese territory must be preserved at all costs." Yet within a year from that time Russia herself had seized this very territory for her own, despite her promise that "the occupation of Port Arthur was merely temporary, and only to secure a harbor for wintering the Russian fleet." Or take the promise of April 9, 1902, that Russia would evacuate Manchuria on October 8, 1903. When these promises were given, no diplomat believed that they would be carried out. Every one knew that Russia would find some pretext for not evacuating either port or province. A pretext was ready to hand—that Manchuria is not yet pacified enough from the effects of the rebellion of 1900. In our opinion, the province is as pacified as is that of Kiev in Russia proper.

In our diplomatic dealings such evasion and indirection have not been characteristic of the Japanese; on the contrary, they have generally exhibited those qualities which we like to think also distinguish our own people—truth-telling, directness, frankness.

If Japanese methods are thus more sympathetic to us than Russian methods, so are the Japanese aims to gain vantage points of commerce and civilization, not only for themselves, but for the whole world. The contrast between Japan and Russia on ethical grounds is not to the disadvantage of the former; it is between a humane "heathenism" and the "Christian leadership" responsible for Kishenev.

Thus, yellow, Mongolian, "heathen" as they are, the civilization of the Japanese is more essential to the best interests of America and the world than is the civilization of the Russians. More than any other nation, America should be interested in Japanese civilization, for it took a new direction when Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris delivered the Empire of the Rising Sun from the shackles of the past.

Yet American interests in Asia can be conserved by Russia as well as by Japan, if the Russians will.

❀

The Hidden Presence

We fail to find God because we do not look for him in the right place. We conceive of him as afar off, and coming at times in great displays of majesty and power to show himself to men, as he appeared in strange symbolic glory to Ezekiel in the land of the Chaldeans. But the Scripture writers represent him as in all the common places and the common experiences of mankind. We think of him as manifesting himself to a few elect souls possessing a genius for religion and power of vision exceptional and rare; but the Scripture writers represent him as the God of all men, of all temperaments and of all dispositions.

If there should be another destruction of the Cities of the Plain, with some angel visitant to interpret it to us, if again the waters of the sea should part for an Israel to go through as on dry

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ground, with the waves rising up on either side as a wall for their protection, we should believe in the divine presence. But the Scripture writers did not any less believe in God's presence in the commonest phenomena of nature. In truth, the commonest phenomena of nature are as great manifestations of his mysterious power and presence as those which impress us as unique. It does not need the convulsion of a Mount Pelée to bear witness to him. The springs that water the valleys, the grass that springs out of the earth, the perpetual transformation of mineral into vegetable, life-feeding products, the ordinary movement of the planets in their orbits—these also declare the glory of God and show his handiwork.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation.
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth:
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are satisfied;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.

As he is in all the common phenomena of nature, so he is an inspiring, guiding, protecting, redeeming presence in all the experiences of men; not more the God of the poet or the prophet than of the shopman or the day-laborer. He is the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. Abraham was a man of visions, who went out from his native land not knowing whither he went, seeking a God more spiritual than any which the land of his fathers had made known to him. God is the God of the men of imagination. Isaac was a commonplace man who saw no visions and dreamt no dreams, but who in an age of universal polygamy was faithful to one wife, and in an age of universal war sought peace and pursued it. God is the God of the commonplace man. Jacob was perhaps the meanest man of Old Testament history; he began his life by driving a hard bargain with his brother in necessity; then cheated his blind father on his death-bed; then made his first prayer a bargain, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." And God was his God, and, through long years of disciplining sorrow, conquered the meanness in him and delivered him from it, and brought him out, in his old age, into a peaceful and triumphant manhood. God is the God of even the mean and the despicable.

We are apt to imagine that God reveals himself to men in certain set and sacred places, that we can find him only in the church, or in the closet, or on the mountain top, or in the midst of the tempest. But God, who came to Isaiah in the temple, came also to Moses while in exile, and to Gideon while in hiding he was threshing wheat by the wine-press, and to David while as a ruddy-faced boy he was keeping his father's sheep on the hillsides of southern Judea, and to Paul inspired by a ruthless conscience and with murderous intent. What Jacob said when he awoke from his dream of the celestial ladder to find his head pillowed on the stones, we might all of us say, at all times—"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

As he is in the common places of life, so he speaks to us in our common experiences. We have an idea that only the extraordinary, the uplifting, the celestial movements of our mind are divinely inspired; but this was not the conception of the sacred writers. The secret and source of all life is God; he is over all and in all; in him we live and move and have our being. All human activities of every kind have the source

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of their power in the infinite and the eternal. A striking illustration of this conception of the Biblical writers, of God as the source and inspiration of all the commonest operations of the mind, is furnished by the Plowman's Ode:

Listen, and hear ye my voice,
Attend, and hear ye my speech.
Is the plowman never done with his plowing,
With the opening and harrowing of ground?
Does he not, when its surface is leveled,
Scatter fennel, and sow cummin broadcast?
And duly set wheat there, and barley,
And for its border plant spelt?
It is Jehovah who has taught these right courses,
It is his God who has trained him.
We do not thresh fennel with sledges,
Nor are cart-wheels rolled over cummin,
But fennel is threshed with a staff,
And cummin is threshed with a rod.
Do we ever crush bread-corn to pieces?
Nay, the threshing goes not on forever,
But when over it cart-wheels are driven,
Or sledges, our care is never to crush it.
This also from Jehovah proceeds—
Wonderful counsel, great wisdom has he.[1]

Let us not, then, wait for the extraordinary to bring us the revelation of God's presence. We are to look for him not without but within. "Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down:) or, Who shall descend into the abyss? (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach." Every voice of conscience summoning to virtue or restraining from vice, saying, Thou shalt, or Thou shalt not; every regret for a misspent past, every sorrowful "I have done the things which I ought not to have done, and I have left undone the things which I ought to have done;" every inspiration to a higher, nobler, and better future, calling from the heights above, Follow thou me—yes, every incentive to generous or unselfish service and self-sacrifice for another, every impulse toward humanity, of pity for the sorrowing, or of mercy for the erring, is the voice of God speaking within us. Nay, more than that; all the common operations of our mind are, if we do but recognize it, witnesses to His presence from whom comes all our life, and by whom, if we will but allow it, all our life may be both guided and strengthened.

"And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone."

To commune with ourselves is to talk with God. If any one says this is a dangerous utterance, let him reframe it in the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord will hear when I call unto him. Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."

[1] Isaiah xxviii. 23-29. Translation of T. K. Cheyne.

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The Spectator

The Spectator is to-day the proudest man in all Suburbia. Honey, pound upon pound of alabaster and liquid gold, lies piled in ravishing masses in his storehouse, awaiting his sovereign pleasure. Is the Spectator, then, among the bee-keepers? Had you asked that question six months ago, you had got but an evasive answer. The Spectator is a canny man; he boasts only after the event. Now snow lies on the quiet hives, and, the season's vicissitudes over, its labors past, the Spectator sits and sings his little song of Harvest Home.

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When the Spectator proposed to try his hand at apiculture, Mrs. Spectator had a word or two to say. "Bees cannot be properly brought up in the suburbs. Where will you pasture them? They'll sting the neighbors. They cost too much. They'll fly away and get lost." The Spectator assured her that honey-makers thrive among the stones of Paris; that Italian bees are as amiable as kittens; and that as a financial investment there is nothing like an apiary. Ultimately, like the indulgent wife she is, she gave in, and the swarm was ordered. The Spectator forthwith began to dream dreams of a garden full of swelling domes, musical with the hum of laden bees. But when the hive arrived, behold! it was little better than a dry-goods box! They told the Spectator that modern bees would scorn to dwell beneath a poetic dome of straw. The

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dry-goods box was the final word on hives. So the Spectator installed the thing on his grass-plot, and waited to see whether it was out of fashion for the modern bee to hum.

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It wasn't. Indeed, when the Spectator heard the vindictive murmur issuing from their perforated traveling-box, he was in two minds about letting them out. Pandora herself would have hesitated had she known what winged furies raged within her carven casket. The bee-veil, which came with the outfit, looked a slight intrenchment, and it made things swim before his bewildered eyes. By way of steadying his nerves Mrs. Spectator skipped about and squealed every time he hazarded a move. The Spectator was driven to "shoo" her gently into the house. He then firmly unscrewed the box, rapped it smartly on the ground to intimidate the bees, shut his eyes, made a hasty review of his past life, and threw off the cover! When he looked up again, it was with diminished respect for the fighting qualities of the bee. A meek, crawling heap of gold-banded, travel-stunned insects was all that met his eyes. He shook them out, a few at a time, on the broad piazza of the brand-new hive, and, after a little preliminary skirmishing about, they went supinely in at the brand-new door, dragging their stings behind them. For all his disgust, the Spectator did not fail to keep a sharp lookout for the Boadicea of this tame warrior band. With what a thrill he at length espied her—the Queen Mother of unnumbered swarms—marked her noble proportions, the royal shortness of her wings, the triple zone of gold about her form, so trim and svelte. The distinguished-looking lady had cost the Spectator a pretty penny, being of famous stock. But he calculates that if she presents him with two or three thousand eggs every day through the breeding season for the next three or four years, he will be justified.

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The Spectator burned to know what went on within that darkened hive. House-cleaning, for one thing, to judge by the little mound of splinters and sawdust the workers cast out upon their front veranda. No doubt the drones were already making free with the beautiful comb of honey the Spectator had provided, and the architects were at work upon his neat sheets of comb foundation. As the Spectator crouched inquisitively over the hive, bees—*his* bees—began to issue under his very nose, and, taking elaborate note of the lay of the land, flew off as if on urgent business. They came back presently considerably stuck up with something the Spectator felt sure was not honey. What it was he discovered the first time he opened the hive. They had pitched it throughout with a vegetable glue like that on a glistening horse-chestnut bud, plugging the minutest crevice till the hive was as tight as Noah's Ark.

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It was a notable occasion, that first opening of the hive. Scientific bee-keeping demanded of the Spectator that he clip the wings of his fair young queen, lest she abscond with the swarm when the fever came on. By this time—he had been for a whole fortnight a bee-keeper—the Spectator had conquered his nervousness. Choosing a time when the field-hands were all out in pursuit of honey, he arranged his material of defense according to directions, and coolly prepared to invade the little city. Mrs. Spectator, speaking from the safe distance of the veranda, remarked that, kneeling there in his white veil, with the bee-smoker beside him, the Spectator looked like a heathen offering incense at some strange shrine. The Spectator ignored her jeers. He sent a few smoke-puffs in at the hive door to drive away the sentinel bees, raised the roof, and closed the entrance to keep draughts out of the nursery. He puffed more smoke under the turned-back quilts. By this time, if bee manuals spoke true, the whole hive had scented trouble, and every bee, keen to save what stores he might, had dipped so freely into the honey-pots that his sting was temporarily out of commission, his skin being literally so full that

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he couldn't curve the sting end of him round to strike. For all that, the Spectator did not neglect to use the "large, slow gestures" Maeterlinck enjoins, that the bees might regard him as a natural catastrophe which it was useless to combat.

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It is always peculiarly thrilling to take life in your hand. The Spectator never felt this more keenly than when he lifted a frame from the hive and held it, black with clinging bees, palpitating with restless energy, before his curious eyes. The first alarm over, the bees went about their life-work as merrily as if they had not been suspended beneath earth and heaven. A fortnight is an era in the life of a bee; the impressionistic comb-starter had already been elaborated into myriads of workmanlike cells, and the commissary corps were busy packing them with yellow or orange bee-bread. Some cups were already half full of pale honey. In others the Spectator could see white eggs, like ivory commas; in others, when the bee-mass parted, he beheld white wormlets floating each in his individual drop of milky jelly. Looking close, he even saw a bustling bee-nurse filling the robin-like jaws of the eldest grub. This was being very, very much behind the scenes.

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As yet the queen had not been found. The Spectator hunted over frame after frame till at last he came upon her, acting as center for a living daisy, laying eggs in the midst of an attentive ring of worker bees. To lift her with a feather was the delicate work of an instant. At this ticklish point, as he held the brood-frame in one hand, the queen in the other, the Spectator felt an odd sensation within his right sleeve. A bee, coming home with his leg-baskets bulging with pollen, and finding his hive door closed, had blundered into the Spectator's cuff, and was now crawling leisurely toward his elbow. It was a delicate situation. The Spectator's cue was plainly to keep on good terms with that exploring bee. The twitch of a muscle might madden him; the Spectator accordingly stood like a man of stone. One available weapon remained to him—his voice. This he lifted melodiously, wailing for Mrs. Spectator. There was no response. Six creeping claw-feet sent shivers of misery through his sword-arm. The brood-frame trembled in his grasp; to drop it was to unsheath a thousand venomed stings. The queen bee grew restive on her feather. And still Mrs. Spectator lingered, and still the bee stayed his sting. All the Spectator wanted now was to have that sting and get it over. But the bee went crawling on. The Spectator's nerves were strained to the breaking point when at last Mrs. Spectator, done up in a butterfly-net and mittens, came to the rescue. Obedient to his curt directions, she took the brood-frame from his stiffened fingers and put it back in the hive; she replaced the roof; she carefully deposited the queen upon her own threshold. And then the bee stabbed!

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From that day on the Spectator had an active partner in the apiary. It was Mrs. Spectator who ultimately clipped that queen, she opining, and the Spectator agreeing, that this was no work for mere man. No one was more enchanted than she when fussy young bees, a little pale, a little "trembly" on their untried legs, began to come out to sun themselves at the door of the hive. Side by side Spectator and Spectatorin watched the outward and visible life of the colony: the nurses offering honey-drops to big bee-babies on the tips of their little red tongues; the shimmering glory of the swarm, as, with the sound of a thousand sawmills, the winged cloud returned to seek its helpless queen; the violent end of the lordly drones. Together they hived the swarm. Together they reaped the golden harvest of honey, a hundred pounds of potted nectar. Together they tucked up the bee colonies for their long winter's nap. Together, over the many-colored flames of a driftwood fire, they discuss the achievements of the season past and plans for the season to come. Bee-keeping is a good hobby. But the best of it is, it's a hobby-horse "made for two."

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The Economic and Financial Condition of Russia

By George Kennan

THE threatening aspect of affairs in the Far East, and the strong probability that the conflicting interests of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Korea will lead, sooner or later, to war, give particular interest, at the present time, to all facts that have a bearing upon the offensive and defensive strength of the respective powers. The outcome of the impending struggle will be determined largely, first, by the number of war-ships and fighting men that Russia and Japan, respectively, can put at once into the field of action; second, by the comparative efficiency of their fleets and armies as fighting organizations, irrespective of numerical superiority; and, third, by the financial resources and the economic condition of the two powers, regarded as nations. If the war should be a short one, the two factors first named would have most importance, and would probably be decisive; but if the struggle should last through more than a single campaign, the third factor might have a greater influence upon the result than either of the others.

If, in a general naval engagement, Japan should defeat Russia and obtain command of the sea, she would be able to transport a large army to the mainland; and the struggle for supremacy there would not only be a long one, but would probably strain to the utmost the financial resources of the two nations, and bring to a final test the devotion, patriotism, and loyalty of the two peoples. Modern wars are enormously expensive, and, as the British campaign in South Africa has shown us, they are particularly costly to powers that have to fight at a great distance from their military and naval bases. It is possible, consequently, that the question of Russia's success or failure in the Far East may ultimately turn upon her ability to raise money for a long war, and upon the willingness of her people to bear patiently and patriotically the heavy burdens that such a war will lay upon them. It is therefore important to know what Russia's economic status really is, and what the attitude of her people would be toward their Government in the event of war, and toward the war itself if it should be long continued.

At first glance, the financial position of Russia would seem to be fairly strong. Her public debt—a little more than $3,300,000,000—is large, but her credit abroad continues to be good; her bonds recommend themselves to prudent and conservative investors—the New York Life Insurance Company, for example, holds $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 worth of her guaranteed railway securities—she has recently refunded $1,400,000,000 of her 5 and 6 per cent. interest-bearing debt at 3½ and 4 per cent., with an increase of only $30,000,000 in the principal; and her reserve of gold now amounts to something like $400,000,000, with an additional sum of $340,000,000 in circulation. This, on its face, would seem to be an extremely good showing; but it must not be forgotten that the stability of national finances depends, ultimately, upon the prosperity and earning capacity of the people who compose the nation; and that a government which has despotic power may, for a long term of years, make a good showing to its creditors while at the same time it is impoverishing its people and exhausting the source from which it draws its supplies.

Seventeen years ago, Mr. E. I. Utin, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the St. Petersburg bar, a close observer

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and a man of wide information, said, in a discussion of this subject; "A clever finance minister may, for a long time, make ends meet by devising new methods of taxation, by raising excise and customs duties, or even by juggling with figures; but there is no hope for the finances of a country like ours, where the taxpaying power of the population as a whole is steadily decreasing." Was such the state of affairs in Russia in 1886, and has it changed for the better since that time?

The statistics of the zemstvos (provincial assemblies), the investigations of political economists, the reports of imperial commissions, and the statements of Russia's finance ministers, all go to show, not only that Mr. Utin's presentation of the case was a fair and accurate one seventeen years ago, but that the decline in the earning capacity and taxpaying power of the Russian people is more marked and more noticeable now than it was then.

The evidence to support this statement is so abundant as to make adequate presentation of it in a single article impracticable, if not absolutely impossible; but enough may be given, perhaps, to show its general character and define its clearly marked tendency. Take first, for example, the small amounts of land owned by millions of Russian peasant families. Statistics compiled by the zemstvos of forty-nine provinces of European Russia in 1891 showed that 891,000 peasant families, representing a population of perhaps 7,000,000, had only nine acres of land per family; and that 2,219,444 peasant households, representing a population of about 18,000,000, had only twenty-one acres each, although hundreds of thousands of such households consisted of from eight to twenty-five members.(1) A family of, say, twelve persons might gain a subsistence from a farm of twenty-one acres—or even from nine acres—if the land were all arable and fertile; but the Russian peasant allotments include land of all sorts—pasture, woodland, desert, and swamp—and even the part that is arable has become so impoverished, from lack of fertilization, that it often yields less than half of a normal crop. In European Russia, as a whole, the average yield of grain is only 39 poods (1,404 pounds) to the decetine (2.7 acres); while in Italy it is 55 poods; in Austria, 68; in Germany, 74; in France, 75; in the United States, 81; and in England, 122. The average productiveness of Russian peasant land-allotments, therefore, is only half that of American farms, and, if other conditions were equal, twice as much of it would be needed to support the average family.

But this is not the worst feature of the situation as regards land. Statistics show that the quantity of land owned by Russian peasant proprietors, per capita, and the gross per capita product of that land, are both decreasing, and have been decreasing steadily for many years. A commission appointed by the Minister of Finance in 1899 to ascertain, if possible, the reasons for the decline in the economic condition of the peasant farmers of European Russia generally, and of the "black-soil provinces" in particular, reported that in the fifty provinces of European Russia the per capita amount of wheat and rye harvested in the years 1891–1896, as compared with the quantity produced in the years 1861–1865, showed a decrease of 35 per cent. In the "black-soil provinces," where the economic distress was greatest, the decrease was 44 per cent., or nearly one-half.(2)

This marked decline of 35 to 44 per cent. in the per capita production of Russia's two great staples—wheat and rye—was due to a variety of causes, one of the most important of which was a large increase in the population, without any corresponding increase in the available area of land. Between 1876 and 1896 the quantity of arable land per capita decreased in European Russia as a whole 16 per cent.; in the "black-soil provinces," 20 per cent.; and in the southern and southwestern provinces, 24 to 26 per cent.(2) In many parts of the country the pressure of the increased population on the land was so severe as to reduce hundreds of thousands of families to a condition of hopeless poverty. In the province of Ufa, for example, there were 20,000 families that had only

[1] For references see list at end of article.

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5.7 acres each, including land of all kinds.(1) In the district of Shadrinsk, province of Perm, there were 24,000 peasant families that had neither horses, nor agricultural implements, nor food supply, nor seeds; and these families constituted 38 per cent. of the whole population of the district.(3) In the province of Samara there were 405,000 persons who had to get their subsistence from less than three acres of land per capita, and 25 per cent. of all the peasant farmers in the province had no hay-fields at all.(4)

In a petition to the Governor-General of Odessa, asking permission to migrate to some other part of the Empire, the peasants of the Biruchinsk district, in the province of Voronezh, stated that at the time of the emancipation of the serfs the allotment of land to the male peasants of that district was six and three-quarters acres per capita. Since then there has been a large increase in the population, but no increase whatever in the land at its disposal. "Even the small areas that we cultivate," the peasants say, "have become impoverished for lack of fertilization, inasmuch as we have no cattle and cannot get manure. Many of our families number from fifteen to twenty-five persons, and out of the scraps of ground allotted to them they cannot get even a bare subsistence. In a year or two more we shall all starve to death." The statement of the peasants that they are in danger of actual starvation is fully corroborated by the report of the agricultural commission before cited, which says that in the central provinces generally the peasants are forced to sell, for export, grain that they ought to eat, and are consequently "in a state of chronic semi-starvation."(2)

The overcrowding of the peasants in European Russia generally, and in the central provinces in particular, is manifestly due to bad government and oppressive regulation, rather than to a scarcity of arable land in the Empire as a whole. There is land enough, but it is not within the reach of the peasants who need it. In 1894, for example, there were 18,000,000 acres of Crown lands in the Caucasus which were available for homesteads, but which were not utilized in that way, and which brought the Government a revenue of only $500,000 per annum, or less than three cents per acre.

The bad economic condition of the Russian peasantry may be shown in another way, by the statistics of farm animals. The Russian novelist Uspenski once wrote a story of peasant life, which he called "A Quarter of a Horse," and which was intended to set forth, in the guise of fiction, the social and economic status of an agricultural population that had only one horse to every four families. In some parts of the province of Voronezh such a story would have to be entitled "A Sixth of a Horse" or "An Eighth of a Horse," inasmuch as the proportion of horses to families would be represented by these fractions. As it is manifestly impossible for a peasant farmer to cultivate a farm of any considerable size without the aid of at least one horse, the number of agricultural families that are horseless is the number that must be regarded as practically ruined. Statistics compiled by the zemstvos of the central provinces show that, even before the agricultural crisis became as acute as it is now, 20 to 30 per cent. of the peasant farmers in the formerly rich provinces of Chernigof, Voronezh, Poltava, Saratof, Kursk, and Tambof, did not have even a single horse, while nearly one-third of the entire population of Voronezh had neither horse nor cow.(6)

In the province of Riazan 32,000 peasant proprietors out of 80,000 had no horse, and 21,000 out of 80,000 had neither horse nor cow.(7)

Between 1860 and 1871 the number of horses in the "black-soil provinces" decreased 15 per cent.; in 1889 the decrease amounted to 30 per cent.; and in 1895 it reached 48 per cent.(2)

The economic condition of the average Russian peasant in the central provinces, where the distress is greatest, may be shown in another way, by comparing his earnings and expenses. The statistical committee of the province of Voronezh has made a careful and detailed investigation of the annual household budgets of sixty-seven peasant fam-

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ilies in that province, selected in such a manner as to be fairly representative of the whole agricultural population. It appears from the committee's report that the average peasant farmer's family consists of eight persons. Its annual gross revenue, from all sources, amounts to $212.20. Of this sum $105.08 is in money, and $107.12 in farm produce at its cash value. Of the cash receipts, $48.80, or nearly one-half, goes to pay taxes and rent for additional land, leaving $56.28 in cash for clothing, tea, sugar, salt, kerosene, soap, agricultural implements, household furniture, etc., for a family of eight persons during a period of one year. The committee finds that such a family spends annually $8.84 for clothing; $1.96 for tea and sugar; $1.64 for household furniture; $1.20 for salt; 88 cents for kerosene; 39 cents for soap; and 4 cents for "articles of personal comfort."(8) It is hardly necessary to comment upon the economic condition of a rural population in which the average family pays $48.80 in taxes and rent, and is then able to spend only $8.84 a year for clothing, 88 cents for lights, 39 cents for soap, and 4 cents for "articles of personal comfort."(8).

It is only fair to say that the rural peasantry in the province of Voronezh is worse off than the peasantry of European Russia generally—if it were not, the imperial treasury would go bankrupt in less than three years—but it must also be said that the causes which have impoverished the muzhiks of Voronezh are bringing about the same results in many other provinces. This was virtually admitted by the Minister of Finance two years ago, when, by order of the Czar, he appointed another special commission to investigate the subject and suggest remedies. But another commission was hardly needed. The progressive impoverishment of the rural classes, which compose 86 per cent. of the total population of European Russia, appears in every statistical investigation undertaken by the zemstvos and in every report made by an imperial commission.

The increasing exports of grain from Russia in recent years have been taken as an indication that the agricultural population of the Empire is becoming more and more prosperous and is raising a larger and larger annual surplus of food products, but such is by no means the case. Under pressure of desperate necessity, the Russian peasants are selling breadstuffs that they ought to consume, and are increasing their exports at the expense of their health. This was clearly shown by Mr. Sharapof at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Trade and Industry in St. Petersburg;(9) again by Mr. Marres in a report to the statistical section of the Moscow Juridical Society;(10) and a third time by Professor Isaief in a report to the Russian Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg.(11) Mr. Marres declared that Russia exported 17 per cent. of her grain product, while the United States exported only 8 per cent; that the Russian peasant consumed only half the quantity of bread that he ought to eat; and that in twenty provinces of European Russia the population was underfed. Professor Isaief showed that the amount of food eaten by the peasants of European Russia generally was 20 per cent. less than the smallest quantity that the rules of hygiene prescribe. The Russian peasants sell a disproportionate quantity of their grain product for export, not because they have a surplus—not because they do not need it for themselves and for their families—but because they *must* get money with which to pay their taxes.

If we test the economic condition of the Russian peasant by his taxpaying power, we are brought by another route to the same result. In the province of Voronezh, for example—the same province in which one-third of the peasants had neither horse nor cow—the unpaid arrears of taxes were $15,566,000,(12) while in Samara, including the land-redemption tax, they amounted to $28,801,000.(13) Between 1871 and 1875 the arrears of taxes in the "black-soil provinces" never exceeded ten per cent. of the annual assessment. In 1896 they amounted to 42 per cent., and in 1900 to 177 per cent.

The Comptroller of State, in his report to the Czar for 1902, called par-

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ticular attention to the fact that the arrears of land-redemption taxes in European Russia as a whole had increased from $47,000,000 in 1897 to $61,000,000 in 1902, and that in many provinces the peasants had practically ceased to pay these taxes. In the province of Simbirsk the arrears were 382 per cent. of the annual assessment; in Samara, 403 per cent.; in Kazan, 562 per cent.; in Orenburg, 583 per cent., and in Ufa 613 per cent. These figures show, the Comptroller says, "how far beyond the strength of the peasants this burden is."(14)

In his report to the Czar for 1901, Mr. de Witte, the late Minister of Finance, seemed to attribute the unsatisfactory economic condition of the peasantry to bad harvests, and said that the rural population had lost from that cause, in a period of five years, not less than $500,000,000.(15) He left it to be inferred that these bad harvests were due to climatic or other natural conditions that could not be controlled; but it is perfectly apparent, to one who studies carefully the statistics and reports of the zemstvos, that bad harvests in Russia are largely the results of land exhaustion, primitive agricultural methods, scarcity of domestic animals, oppressive bureaucratic legislation, rigorous collection of burdensome taxes, popular ignorance, and hopeless discouragement. Bad government is the antecedent cause, and bad harvests are the consequent result.

One would naturally suppose that when a prudent and far-sighted government discovered that its people were becoming impoverished, it would remove, if possible, the causes of the impoverishment, and lighten the burden of taxation by restricting expenditures. Russia has done neither of these things. The agencies that were hampering and crippling the productive activity of her agricultural classes ten years ago are still at work, and her annual budget has increased meanwhile from $520,000,000 to $1,036,000,000. But some of her statesmen have taken alarm at last. At a general meeting of the Council of State, on the 12th of January, 1903, Mr. de Witte, the late Minister of Finance, informed the members of that Council that "the imposition of direct and indirect taxes upon the population has reached the last possible limit. To lay any further burden upon the taxpaying power will not only be fruitless of results, but can hardly be regarded as permissible in the present economic condition of the country. The aim of an enlightened financial policy now should be to seek means of decreasing, gradually, the burden of taxation."

The Minister of Finance further informed the Council of State that, in consequence of the construction of a number of unproductive railways for purely military and strategic purposes, the operation of the State railway system in 1903 would result in a loss of $30,000,000. In 1905, with the construction of the Orenburg-Tashkent and Vologda-Sedletsk lines, he thought the Government's railway accounts might show a deficit of $42,000,000.(16)

He also stated that, on account of political complications in the Far East, it was found necessary to strengthen the treasury in 1900 by increasing temporarily certain customs and excise duties. It was the intention, when the extraordinary need had passed, to lower these duties again, but it had been found impossible to do so. If they had been reduced to their former level, the balance of ordinary revenues and expenditures in 1903 would have shown a deficit of 23,000,000 rubles.(16)

In view of these facts, Mr. de Witte expressed the hope that his Imperial Majesty would see fit, in his wisdom, to keep the demands of his various executive departments within the limits of the resources that the Empire could furnish without giving a shock to the economic welfare of the population.

After hearing and discussing the facts presented by the Minister of Finance, the Council of State resolved: (1) To ask his Imperial Majesty's permission to instruct the ministers and heads of departments to take most energetic measures to prevent further increase of expenditures; and (2) to direct the Minister of the Interior, in conjunction with the Ministers of War and Communications and the Comptroller of State, to

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investigate the reasons for the costliness of the Government's railway operations, and to report their conclusions to the Council at the earliest possible moment.(16)

From the facts above set forth it clearly appears that the economic condition of the Russian people is extremely unsatisfactory; that they have been taxed to "the last possible limit;" that the Minister of Finance narrowly escaped a deficit in 1903; and that the Council of State finds it necessary to warn all ministers and heads of departments that they must take "most energetic measures to prevent further increase of expenditures." Can a government that is in such a financial condition as this carry on a long war in the Far East without imminent risk of imperiling its credit abroad and its prestige and security at home?

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The Ascent of Man

By R. W. Raymond

He stood upon the earth, and turned
To gaze on sky and land and sea,
While in his ear the whisper burned,
"Behold, these all belong to thee!"

O wondrous call to conquests new!
O thrill of blood! O joy of soul!
O peaks with ever-widening view!
O race with still-receding goal!

He heard; he followed, evermore
Stumbling and falling, wandering far,
Yet still advancing, while before
His footsteps shone the guiding star.

He cleft the seas; the torrent loud
He harnessed to his need or whim;
He bade the lightning of the cloud
Run with his words, and toil for him.

He pierced the rock; he scaled the steep;
Destroyed; created; brought to light
The secrets of the deepest deep,
The glories of the highest height!

The Future and the Past he scanned;
With sense refined and vision keen,
Explored, beyond this lower land,
The treasures of a realm unseen,

Until he stood with regal brow—
No more, as on the primal sod,
A creature yet ungrown, but now
Lord of two worlds, and friend of God!

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VIII.—Ruling by the Ten Commandments

THE campaign was over and ended. The morning would break on Election Day. We were speeding homeward in the midnight hour on a special from the western end of the State, where the day had been spent in speech-making, a hurricane wind-up of a canvass that had taken the breath of the old-timers away. Was it the victory in the air, was it Sherman Bell, the rough-rider deputy sheriff from Cripple Creek, or what was it that had turned us all, young and old, into so many romping boys as the day drew toward its close? I can still see the venerable ex-Governor and Minister to Spain, Stewart L. Woodford, myself, and a third scapegrace, whose name I have forgotten, going through the streets of Dunkirk, arm in arm, breasting the crowds, and yelling, "Yi! yi!" like a bunch of college boys on a lark, and again and again falling into the line that passed Mr. Roosevelt in the hotel lobby to shake hands, until he peered into our averted faces and drove us out with laughter. And I can see him holding his sides, while the audience in the Opera-House yelled its approval of Sherman Bell's offer to Dick Croker, who had called Roosevelt a "wild man:" "Who is this Dick Croker? I don't know him. He don't come from my State. Let him take thirty of his best men, I don't care how well they're heeled, and I will take my gang and we'll see who's boss. I'll shoot him so full of holes he won't know himself from a honeycomb." And then the wild enthusiasm in the square, where no one could hear a word of what was said for the cheering.

But now it was all over, and we were on the way home to add our own votes to the majority that would carry our Rough Rider to Albany. We were discussing its probable size over our belated supper—each according to his experience or enthusiasm. I remember his friendly nod and smile my way when I demanded a hundred thousand at least. He inclined to ten or fifteen thousand, as indeed proved quite near the mark. Then there was a rap on the door, and in came the engineer, wiping his oily hands in his blouse, to shake hands and wish him luck. Roosevelt got up from the table, and I saw him redden with pleasure as he shook the honest hand and asked his name.

"Dewey," said the engineer, and such a shout went up! It was an omen of victory, surely.

"Dewey," said Roosevelt, "I would rather have you come here as you do to shake hands than have ten committees of distinguished citizens bring pledges of support;" and I knew he would. It is no empty form with him when he shakes hands with the engineer and the fireman of his train after a journey. He was ever genuinely fond of railroad men, of skilled mechanics of any kind, but especially of the men who harness the iron steed and drive it with steady eye and hand through the dangers of the night. They have something in common with him that makes them kin. The pilot of the Sylph that brought us through the raging storm in the Sound the other day was of that class. They sent word

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from the Navy-Yard to meet the President that on no account must he proceed down the Bay to Ellis Island. No boat could live there, ran the message. The President had the pilot come down and looked him over. He was a bronzed sea-dog, a man every inch of him.

"I have promised to go to Ellis Island; they are waiting for me. Can you get us there?"

The pilot wiped the salt spray from his face. "It can't be worse than we've had," he said. "I'll get you there."

"Then go ahead," said Mr. Roosevelt, and to me, "What do you think of him?"

"I would go with him anywhere," said I. "To look at him is to trust him."

The President followed his retreating form up the ladder with a look that, had he seen it, must have made him take his ship through Hades itself had it been between us and Ellis Island. "So do I think," he said. "They are a splendid lot of fellows."

But I am sailing ahead of my time. We were on our train just now. We didn't wake up, any of us, the next morning, till it rolled over the Hudson at Albany, and there lay the Capitol, with flags flying, in full sight. Just as I put up my curtain and saw it, Roosevelt opened the door of his room and bade us good-morning, and eleven throats sent up three rousing cheers for "the Governor."

At night we shouted again by torchlight, and the whole big State shouted with us. Theodore Roosevelt was Governor, elected upon the pledge that he would rule by the Ten Commandments, in the city where, fifteen years before, the spoils politicians had spurned him for insisting upon doing the thing that was right rather than the thing that was expedient. Say now the world does not move! It strides with seven-league boots where only it has a man who dares to lead the way.

Not necessarily at a smooth or even gait. He knew what was before him, and as for the politicians, they were not appreciably nearer to the Ten Commandments than in the old days. They had not changed. They had fallen in behind Roosevelt because it was expedient, not because it was right. They had to win, and they could win only with him. And yet, when "Buck" Taylor in a burst of fervid frontier eloquence exhorted his audience to "Follow ma colonel! follow ma colonel! and he will lead you, as he led us, like lambs to the slaughter!" I think not unlikely there mingled with the cheers and the laughter the secret hope in the breasts of some that it might be so. It was but natural. They knew right well, the politicians did, how much they had to expect from him; it was but a lean two years they were looking forward to with Roosevelt as Governor. They might have comforted themselves in defeat by the thought that he was killed and out of the way at last. Who knows?

When I speak of politicians here, I am thinking of the spoilsmen who played the game for keeps. They ran the machine, and they took him, with their eyes open, to save it. And then we saw the curious sight of the good-government forces, his natural allies, who were largely what they were because of the example he had all along consistently set, sulking disconsolate because he, who had always been a loyal party man without ever surrendering his conscience to his partisanship, went with his party; instead of rejoicing, as they might well have done, that the party had been forced into making such a choice, that being the very end and aim and meaning of their political existence. They grumbled because he would "see the party bosses." Of course he would—see anybody that could help him get things done; for he had certain definite ends of good government in view, and it was no more to his taste to pose on the solitary peak of abortive righteousness as Governor than it had been as a legislator. Yes, he would see the bosses, and he went right up to the front door and told the newspaper men his business, though they tried to smuggle him in secretly by the back way, to save his feelings. His feelings weren't hurt a bit. If he could make the machine work with him for good, he had killed two birds with one stone, for so it would be a more effective machine for party purposes as he saw them. As for its working him to its uses—the bosses

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knew better. The reformers did not. They sat and mourned, needlessly.

For him—I thought more than once in those days of a paragraph he had written about practical politics while he was yet a civil service commissioner practicing them with might and main. How much of prophecy there is in his writings, when you look back now! There would be obstacles, he wrote. "Let him make up his mind that he will have to face the violent opposition of the spoils politician, and also, too often, the unfair and ungenerous criticism of those who ought to know better. . . . Let him fight his way forward, paying only so much regard to both as is necessary to help him to win in spite of them. He may not, and indeed probably will not, accomplish nearly as much as he would like to, or as he thinks he ought to; but he will certainly accomplish something." He settled down courageously to the fight that was his own prescription. And when it was over, this was the judgment passed upon his administration in the "Review of Reviews," by Dr. Albert Shaw, than whom there is no fairer, more clear-headed critic of public events in the country: "He found the State administration thoroughly political; he left it businesslike and efficient. He kept thrice over every promise that he made to the people in his canvass. Mr. Roosevelt so elevated and improved the whole tone of the State administration and so effectually educated his party and public opinion generally that future Governors will find easy what was before almost impossible."

That was accomplishing something, surely. It worked all right, then. Had some of the solemn head-shakers known how he enjoyed it all, I fear that to the inconsistent charges of bowing down to the idol of party and of wrecking his party, that were flung at him in the same breath, there would have been added the killing one of levity, that was not used up against Abraham Lincoln. I have an amused recollection of one band of visiting statesmen that filed into the Executive Mansion with grave, portentous mien, just as the Governor and I stole down the kitchen stairs to the subcellar to visit with Kermit's white rats, that were much better company. The Governor knew their names, their lineage, and all their "points," which were many, according to Kermit. They were fully discussed before we returned to the upper world of stupid politics.

That is my opinion, anyway. I hate politics—I am thinking of the game again—and I am not going to bother with them here, if I can help it, which I suppose I can't since the Governor of the Empire State must needs be in politics up to his neck if he would do his duty—that is, he must be concerned about the welfare of his people rather than about putting his backers into fat jobs and seeing that the "party is made solid" in every county. But, then, they are different brands. Roosevelt had his own brand from the start. Long before, he had identified and carefully charted it, lest the party managers make a mistake. "Practical politics," he wrote, "must not be construed to mean dirty politics. On the contrary, in the long run, the politics of fraud and treachery and foulness is unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the one who is clean and decent and upright. The party man who offers his allegiance to party as an excuse for blindly following his party, right or wrong, and who fails to try to make that party in any way better, commits a crime against the country."

To this place had I come when I was asked to go over and tell the Young Men's Christian Association on the West Side what the "battle with the slum" meant to my city. And I did, and when I had told them the story I showed them a picture of Theodore Roosevelt as the man who had done more hard and honest fighting for those who cannot fight for themselves, or do not know how, than any other man anywhere. And a man in the audience—there is always one of that kind in every audience—who could see in the President of the United States only the candidate of his party for the next term, wrote to me of partisanship and of bad taste, and of how he could not stand Roosevelt because as Governor he would "see Platt," and did. I have his letter here

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before me, and my blood boils up in me whenever I look at it. Not because of the particular man and his letter. I have come across their like before. The thing that angers me is the travesty they make of the real non-partisanship with which we must win our fight for decency in the cities, because National politics in municipal elections is a mere cloak for corruption. How in the world am I to persuade my healthy-minded Democratic neighbor not to listen to Tammany's blandishments when he has this wizened spectacle before him? He is a man with convictions, who understands men and the play of human forces in the world, and can appreciate Roosevelt for what he is and does, even if he disagrees with him; whereas the other never can. He can only "see Platt." Verily, between the two, give me Platt. If he had horns and a spike-tail painted blue, and all the other parlor furnishings of the evil place, I think I should take my chances with him and a jolly old fight rather than with the shivering visions of my correspondent who is so mortally afraid of the appearance of evil that by no chance can he ever get time to do good.

See Platt! Governor Roosevelt saw no end of people during his two years' term, and from some of them he learned something, and others learned something from him. The very first thing he did when he was in the Capitol at Albany was to ask the labor leaders to come up and see him. There were a lot of labor laws, so called, on the statute-books, designed to better the lot of the workingman in one way or another, and half of them were dead letters. Some of them had been passed in good faith, and had somehow stuck in the enforcement; and then there were others that were just fakes.

"These laws," said the Governor to the labor leaders, "are your special concern. I want you to look them over with me and see if they are fair, and, if they are, that they be fairly enforced. We will have no dead-letter laws. If there is anything wrong that you know of, I want you to tell me of it. If we need more legislation, we will go to the Legislature and ask for it. If we have enough, we will see to it that the laws we have are carried out, and the most made of them."

And during two years there was no disagreement in that quarter that was not gotten over fairly. Sometimes the facts were in dispute. Then he went to those who were in position to make them plain and asked them to do it. On two or three occasions he made me the umpire between disputing organizations and the Factory Department, and I had again a near view of the extraordinary faculty of judging quickly and correctly which habit and severe training have developed in this man. Cases to which I gave weeks of steady endeavor to get at the truth, and then had to bring to him, still in doubt, he decided almost at a glance, piercing the husks with unerring thrust and dragging out the kernel that had eluded me. I remember particularly one such occasion when I sat on the edge of the bed in his room at the hotel—he had come down to New York to review a militia regiment—while he was shaving himself at the window. I had gone all over the case and told him of my perplexity, when he took it up, and between bubbles of soap he blew at me he made clear what had been dim before, until I marveled that I had not seen it.

There came at last an occasion when nobody could decide. It was the factory law again that was in question—the enforcement of it, that is to say. The claim was made that it was not enforced as it should be. The factory inspectors said they did their best. The registering alone of all the tenement-house workers, as the new law demanded, in a population of over two millions of souls with few enough of their tenements free from the stamp of the sweat-shop, was a big enough task to leave a margin for honest intentions even with poor results. But the Governor was not content to give his inspectors the benefit of the doubt. He wrote to me to get together two or three of the dissatisfied, a list of disputed houses, and the factory inspector of the district, and he would come down and see for himself.

"I think," he wrote, "that perhaps, if I looked through the sweat-shops my-

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self with the inspectors, as well as looked over their work, we might be in a condition to put things on a new basis, just as they were put on a new basis in the police department after you and I began our midnight tours."

I shall not soon forget that trip we took together. It was on one of the hottest days of early summer, and it wore me completely out, though I was used to it. Him it only gave a better appetite for dinner. I had picked twenty five-story tenements, and we went through them from cellar to roof, examining every room and the people we found there. They were chosen as the worst tenements of the East Side, and they showed us the hardest phases of the factory inspector's work, and where he fell short. The rules under which a tenement could be licensed for home work required: absolute cleanliness, that there should be no bed in the room where the work was done, no outsider employed, no contagious disease, and only one family living in the rooms. In one Italian tenement that had room for seventeen families I had found forty-three the winter before on midnight inspection; that is to say, three families in every three-room flat, instead of one, all cooking at the same stove. No doubt they were still there, but the daylight showed us only a few women and a lot of babies whom they claimed as theirs. The men were out, the larger children in the street.

The Governor went carefully through every room, observing its condition and noting the number of the license on the wall, if anything was wrong. Sometimes there was no license. Sometimes one had been issued and revoked, but the women were still at work. They listened to remonstrances unmoved.

"Vat for I go avay?" said one. "Vere I go den?"

It was an intensely practical question with them, but so it was and is with us all; for from those forsaken tenements, where the home is wrecked hopelessly by ill-paid work that barely puts a dry crust into the mouths of the children, stalks the specter of diphtheria, of scarlet fever, and of consumption forth over the city and the land, sometimes basted in the lining of the coat or the dress that was bought at the fashionable Broadway counter, proving us neighbors in very truth, though we deny the kinship. Roosevelt understood. His investigations as an Assemblyman into the cigarmakers' tenement-house conditions, and, later, as a member of the Board of Health, had put him in possession of the facts. He did not mince matters with the factory inspector when, after our completed tour, we went to his office late in the afternoon. There was improvement, he said, but not enough.

"I do not think you quite understand," he said, "what I mean by enforcing a law. I don't want it made as easy as possible for the manufacturer. I want you to refuse to license anybody in a tenement that does not come up to the top notch of your own requirements. Make the owners of tenements understand that old, badly built, uncleanly houses shall not be used for manufacturing in any shape, and that licenses will be granted only in houses fulfilling rigidly the requirements of cleanliness and proper construction. Put the bad tenement at a disadvantage as against the well-constructed and well-kept house, and make the house-owner as well as the manufacturer understand it."

We heard the echoes of that day's work in the Governor's emergency message to the Legislature the following winter, calling upon it to pass the Tenement-House Commission Bill. He summoned "the general sentiment for decent and cleanly living and for fair play to all our citizens" to oppose the mercenary hostility of the slum landlord. And the Legislature heard, and the bill became law, to the untold relief of the people. That was a sample of the practical politics in the interest of which he was willing to "see" the party managers, if it was needed. And it usually ended with their seeing things as he did.

It seemed fair and just to the Governor that corporations with valuable franchises should be taxed on these, since they were much more valuable property than their real estate. It was one way, to his mind, of avoiding crank legislation designed merely to "hit money." The party managers disagreed.

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The Governor had thought it all out; to him it was just, even expedient as a party measure. He invited the corporation people to come and see him about it, that they might talk it over. They didn't; they conspired with the party managers to bury the bill in committee in the Legislature. When the Governor sent an emergency message to wake it, they tore it up. The next morning another message was laid upon the Speaker's desk.

"I learn," it read, "that the emergency message which I sent last evening to the Assembly on behalf of the Franchise Tax Bill has not been read. I therefore send hereby another. I need not impress upon the Assembly the need of passing this bill at once. . . . It establishes the principle that hereafter corporations holding franchises from the public shall pay their just share of the public burden."

The bill was passed. The party managers "saw." The corporations did, too, and asked to be heard. They were heard. The law was amended at an extra session, but the principle stood unaltered. Since then the Court of Appeals has declared it constitutional and good, and not only the State of New York but the whole country thanks Governor Roosevelt for a piece of legislation that makes for the permanent peace of our land. There can never be other basis for that than the absolute assurance that all men, rich and poor, are equal before the law. Trouble is sure to come, sooner or later, where money can buy special privilege. The marvel is that those who have the money to buy cannot half the time see it.

I am tempted to tell the story of how Roosevelt appointed the successor of Louis F. Payn, Superintendent of Insurance, and made one more mortal enemy. That was one of the times he "saw" Senator Platt, whose lifelong political friend Payn was. But what would be the use? None to my correspondent who knows it all, yet does not understand. All the rest of us have it by heart. And it would be politics, which I said I would eschew. It *was* politics for fair, for all the power of the machine, all of it and more, was opposed to the Governor in his determination to displace this man. But Roosevelt was right, and he won. Let that be the record. When he was gone from Albany, the oldest lobbyist, starved though he was, had to own that Roosevelt fought fair, always in the open. His recourse was to the people, and that was how he won—even in the matter of the civil service bill, in which he trod hard on the toes of the politicians. We had a law, but they had succeeded in "taking the starch out of it." Roosevelt put it back. I think no man living but he could have done it. But they realized that they could not face him before the people on that, of all issues. And to-day my State has a civil service law that is as good as it can well be made, and we are so much better off.

I never liked Albany before, but I grew to be quite fond of the queer old Dutch city on the Hudson in those two years. It is not so far away but that I could run up after office hours and have a good long talk with the Governor before the midnight train carried me back home. Sometimes it was serious business only that carried me up there. I am thinking just now of the execution of Mrs. Place, who had murdered her stepdaughter and tried to brain her husband. It was a very wicked murder, but there was something about the execution of a woman that stirred the feelings of a lot of people, myself included. Perhaps it was largely a survival of the day of public hangings, which is happily past. But, more than that, I had a notion that it would hurt his career. I think I told of it in "The Making of an American" when it was all long over. I certainly did not tell him. I knew better. But I argued all through a long evening into the midnight hour, until I had to grab my hat and run for the train, that he should not permit it. I argued myself to an absolute standstill, for I remember his saying at last impatiently:

"If it had only been a man she killed—but another woman!" and I, exasperated and illogical: "Anyway, you are obliged to admit that she tried hard enough to kill a man."

After I got back home he sent me a letter which I may not print here. But

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I shall hand it down to my children, and they will keep it as one of the precious possessions of their father, long after I have ceased to live and write. One sentence in it I have no right to withhold, for it turns the light on his character and way of thinking as few things do:

"Whatever I do, old friend, believe it will be because after painful groping I see my duty in some given path."

So it was always with him. His duty was made clear when the commission of experts he had appointed reported that Mrs. Place was as sane and responsible as any of them, and public clamor had no power to move him from it.

I like to set over against her case another in which my argument prevailed, for it shows the man's heart, which he had often no little trouble to hide under the sternness imposed by duty. I knew the soreness of it then by the joy I saw it gave him to make people happy. Policeman Hannigan had been sent to Sing Sing for shooting a boy who was playing football in the street on Thanksgiving Day. He ran, and the policeman, who had been sent with special orders to clear the ball-players out of the block, where they had been breaking windows, ran after him. In the excitement of the chase he fired his pistol, and the bullet struck and slightly wounded the boy in the leg. The policeman was "broken" and sent to the penitentiary, and of the incident we made a mighty lever in the fight for playgrounds where the boys might play without breaking either windows or laws. And then I thought of the policeman in the prison, a young man with a wife and children and a clean record till then, and I asked the Governor to pardon him. Of course he had not meant to shoot; he was carried away, and now he had been punished enough. I have preserved the Governor's answer that came by next day's mail. It was written on the last day of the year 1899:

Dear Jake:

Happy New Year to you and yours, and as a New Year's gift take the pardon of the policeman Hannigan. The papers were forwarded to the prison this morning.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

And so one man who that day was without hope started fair with the new year.

I wish I might go on and write indefinitely of those days and what they were to me: Of that dinner-party to some foreign visitors into which I, taking tea peacefully with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children, was suddenly catapulted by the announcement that through an unexpected arrival there would be thirteen at the table, a fact which would be sure to make some one of the guests uncomfortable, and at which the Governor kept poking quiet fun at me across the table, until I warned him with a look that I might even betray his perfidy, if he kept it up. Of how I kept admiring the Executive Mansion because Cleveland had lived in it, till he took me to the Capitol and showed me there the pictures of all his predecessors except Cleveland, who was stingy, he said, and wouldn't give the State his. Whereat I rebelled loudly, maintaining that it was modesty. Of the mighty argument that ensued—a mock argument, for in my soul I knew that he thought as much of Cleveland as did I. Of these things I would like to tell, for they make the picture of the man to me, and perhaps I can smuggle it in later. But here, I suppose, I ought to remember the Governor, and therefore I shall not do as I would otherwise.

When I look back now to the day when he stood in the Assembly Chamber, with the oath of office fresh upon his lips, and spoke to his people, there comes to me this sentence from his speech: "It is not given to any man, nor to any set of men, to see with absolutely clear vision into the future. All that can be done is to face the facts as we find them, to meet each difficulty in practical fashion, and to strive steadily for the betterment both of our civil and social conditions."

Truly, if ever man kept a pledge, he kept that. He nursed no ambitions; he built up no machine of his own. He was there to do his duty as it was given to him to see it, and he strove steadily for the betterment of all he touched as Governor of the State that was his by birth and long ancestry, even as his father had striven in his day and in his

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sphere. He made enemies—God help the poor man who has none; but he kept his friends. When he was gone, a long while after, my way led me to Albany again. I had not cared much for it since he went. And I said so to a friend, an old State official who had seen many Governors come and go. He laid his hand upon my arm.

"Yes," said he, "we think so, many of us. The place seemed dreary when he was gone. But I know now that he left something behind that was worth our losing him to get. This past winter, for the first time, I heard the question spring up spontaneously, as it seemed, when a measure was up in the Legislature: 'Is it right?' Not 'Is it expedient?' not 'How is it going to help me?' not 'What is it worth to the party?' Not any of these, but 'Is it right?' That is Roosevelt's legacy to Albany. And it was worth his coming and his going to have that."

So that was what we got out of his term as Governor—all of us, for the legacy is to the whole land, not only to my own State. As for him, all unconscious of it, he had been learning to be President, the while he taught us Henry Clay's lesson that there is one thing that is even better than to be President—namely, to be right.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Tragedy of the Turk

By H. Griswold Dwight

FOR those who have lived in the Orient long enough to appreciate its flavor—to analyze it is what no Occidental has done—there is something peculiarly irritating in the tone of popular comment on Asiatic affairs. Our entire bibliography, for instance, of what concerns the events now being enacted in Turkey contains little that is not patronizing or abusive. Some there are, it is true, who have come into contact with the interesting personality of the Sultan, or whose sojourn has not been so brief as to preclude their forming relations in some sort with the inhabitants; and from these we learn that Abdul Hamid II. is the most enlightened and tender-hearted of monarchs, that the Ottomans are without reserve the most courteous and the most humane of men. For the most part, however, we long ago reached the bottom of our black adjectives. But in any case an extreme view seems the only one within the possibility of our thought.

Ever since the Turk first forced himself upon the attention of Europe, six hundred years ago, these paradoxes of opinion and this intemperance in their expression have been the rule. They are part of our literary tradition of "the gorgeous East." There have been extraordinarily few attempts—I will not say to see things as they are, but to see things in their own relations. Few, that is, have taken the Turk—or, indeed, the Oriental—seriously. In fact, I recollect no one of recent years who has done so except Mr. Meredith Townsend. And it is fair to wager that there is more to the point in "Asia and Europe"—the collection of his illuminating essays—than in any dozen volumes purporting to deal with some specific Eastern problem. Others will take the Oriental as a monster, as a phenomenon, as a picturesque property, as a joke; but never as a human being. To be told, as Mr. Townsend tells us, that an Asiatic ragamuffin looks upon our successful merchants and our great colonial administrators as hopeless boors, upon our morality as depravity, upon our justice as injustice, upon our civilization as paint and tissue-paper, is hardly even worth questioning. It is a thing to be dismissed with a laugh, like the remark of the Moorish envoy at King Edward's coronation, who said on returning to Morocco that he was glad to go back to civilization.

The fact of the matter is that we are villagers all. It is but natural. It is inevitable. It is even admirable. Thus it is that individualities are nurtured, that causes are maintained, that arts and systems are conducted to their perfec-

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tion. At the same time, no village has ever solved the problems of existence to the satisfaction of neighboring villages. At least it seems to be conceded with some universality that there may be certain advantages in the observation of villages other than one's own. And to do this requires a disinterestedness, a historical sense, a power of imagination, not given to many. To very few are these given in the highest degree; yet in some degree they are necessary to any one who would understand a life beyond his own.

It is by no means wonderful that we should fail to understand a life different from our own in every particular—a life which few of us have so much as seen from hotel and carriage windows, which fewer still have seen through the windows of language and sympathy. One cannot help wondering, however, that such a life should be judged at all; that, lacking the standards of others, we should be content to judge their actions by our own. This is not the place to raise the question of absolute truth. Still, whether one believes in an absolute truth or not, it will doubtless be conceded that circumstances may affect immediate—if not ultimate—judgment. This is not to insinuate that it is less wrong for a Bashi Bozouk to torture and murder a Macedonian than for a Van Wormer to shoot his uncle. Nor do I intend to deny that terrible deeds are committed in Turkey every hour—have been committed for centuries—will be committed no one knows how much longer. But I do wish to point out that to judge even a Bashi Bazouk out of relation to his own history and his own beliefs is absurd. This absurdity characterizes the prevailing tone of European and American comment on the Ottoman imbroglio. To refresh the mind of the reader with regard to the relations governing the Ottoman is accordingly the object of the present paper.

Few incidents of history have been more dramatic than the eruption from central Asia of the Tartar tribe which overran Asia Minor, drove the eastern Emperors from their throne, and stopped perforce only at the gates of Vienna. Through the events of that drama there runs an element of what the Greeks called ἀνάγκη, reminiscent of those tragedies in which the actors are borne on in spite of themselves by forces uncalculable and resistless. One of the most fatal circumstances of what we may call chance, so far as the Ottomans were concerned, was the lateness of their migration. If endurance, restlessness, dissatisfaction with an existing order of things, be elements which contribute to the development of material civilization, we must suppose that the most powerful of those elements had been subtracted from central Asia by the far earlier impulses of emigration which populated Europe. Thus it was that the *fine fleur* of Asiatic enterprise had long been culled when the Uigurs, from whom are descended the Ottomans, began to break their way westward. And it was not until 1300 that they finally saw the sea—these tent-dwellers of the Asian plains who were descended from ancient stay-at-homes. By that time our modern era was well under way. Byzantium, last heiress of ancient civilizations, was in her dotage. The great cities of Europe were already old, the great houses of Europe were already founded. The Italian republics were not far from the zenith of their glory. Spain was but little behind. The flower of the Renaissance was near its bud.

It was another accident of chance which brought the Ottomans to Constantinople. It is perfectly conceivable that their line of least resistance might have led them elsewhere, to a destiny how different. But the weakness of the Greek Empire lured them into imperial importance. There had been no situation so strange since the barbarians broke into Italy. Nomads and tent-dwellers, they camped in the palaces of their prisoners; plainsmen and mountaineers inbred, they found themselves lords of the sea; herders, horse-thieves, and border scrimmagers, they were suddenly set down face to face with the complicated fabric of European polity.

So long as there was fighting to do, all went well with our cattle-thieves. But when the limits of empire determined themselves, when it became necessary to settle down and assimilate

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what they had won, the difficulties of their position began to intrude. It was not a case like that of the Normans in England or the successive invaders of Italy. The Normans were practically homogeneous with their vassals. The Goths and the Huns had little cohesive force of their own to antagonize the superior civilization with which they came in contact. But the Turks were bound together by a religion which has no equal in its power of unity. They differed diametrically from their new subjects in race, language, creed, tradition. And those subjects were not homogeneous among themselves. They were offshoots of races, remnants of nations, the débris of centuries of warfare, all mutually antagonistic. For the invaders to assimilate with the invaded was impossible. There was no language, no sympathy of ideas, no dominance of type general enough for them to assimilate with. The Arabs, to be sure, came later into the empire, but actual contact between Turk and Arab never took place. The real Turkish migration was among the diverse populations of Asia Minor and the Thracian peninsula. It accordingly devolved upon the invaders to absorb the invaded as best they might, to quit tenting and horse-stealing, to make what they could of an empire.

Chancing suddenly upon a thorny throne and left to the mercy of their own ideas, the ex-nomads have thus far met with what success we know. Corruption and massacre are but the daily fruits of their régime. That régime is not in want of new reviewers. Every journal has its leader. Every pulpit has its protest. Every tourist will give you some new report of lost provinces. Far be it from the present writer to minimize aught of the horrors which distress that unhappy land. The present writer, however, cannot but ask himself what else was to be expected. History is not all of one piece. Mankind does not march orderly abreast toward what we are pleased to call progress. Some are in one stage, some in another. And what each has that is admirable was not earned without toil. Of all plants, that of civil order is of slowest growth. I need not appeal to history, so ready to one's mind are instances of the chaos which filled Europe until times so recent as to be almost within living memory. Six hundred years—since the fall of Constantinople it is but four hundred and fifty—would be scarcely long enongh to turn horse-thieves into gentlemen, even without any other problem than that of their own salvation.

But the Ottomans had a far more complicated problem—one that baffles the ablest statesmen of to-day. It was, as we have seen, to absorb the diverse and antagonistic populations that fell under their sway; to assimilate with them or to contrive some *modus vivendi*. Had the conquest taken place a thousand years earlier—perhaps five hundred years earlier—I have no doubt that the problem would have been solved, at least to the satisfaction of the conquerors. But the process was overtaken by the era of rapid communication, of increased intercourse between nations, of electric sympathy between peoples of one aim and one faith, however separate in space. Assimilation thenceforward became impossible. Hence there remained only the *modus vivendi*, which resolved itself into Greek atrocities, Bulgarian atrocities, Armenian atrocities, Macedonian atrocities, I know not what atrocities else.

It is in our judgment of those "atrocities" that we of the West betray our most radical miscomprehension of the Ottoman point of view. A little reflection will reveal to us that the Ottoman began much later than other nations, with no tradition of civilization behind him, as had the European colonists in America; and that from the first he was confronted by an extraordinarily difficult problem. No amount of bare reflection, however, will reveal to us the secret of the difference, subtle, intangible, but essential, between Asiatic and European. For that, experience is necessary; and so much experience that no European has ever given a satisfactory explanation. That the difference is insurmountable one is most unwilling to believe. Moreover, Japan, at least, seems to have understood the West, if the West has never understood the East. But any

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discussion of Oriental affairs is perfectly futile if this factor is left unconsidered.

In nothing does the difference between Asia and Europe stand out more sharply than in the matter of administration and government. The Asiatic theory of government is theocratic. It supposes a ruler whose right is unquestioned and whose most arbitrary caprice is accepted like the inscrutable will of God. Mr. Townsend reminds us that while rulers have often enough been deposed in Asia, the most intolerable acts of their accession have been taken as a matter of course. The theory is elastic, but still it is the theory. The authority of this ruler is that of personality, his arm is the right of instant and unquestioned death. Justice is of him alone, prompt, meted out in person; and its decrees are accepted without a murmur. The personality is all, the code is nothing. It is only the European who has learned to govern by machinery—unless perhaps in some degree the Chinaman.

Here we find another element of the ἀνάγκη pursuing the unhappy Turk, in the necessity forced upon him of attacking his problems according to a law contrary to that of his being. Had his line of least resistance led him to some remote peninsula or plateau, far from the jealous eye of alien tutors, this had been spared him. But, blundering upon an empire, he is forced—this tenter who has never had time to put his captured house in order—he is forced to make a pretense of putting that house in order according to a system not his own. The Turk cannot administrate according to our ideas, and nothing will ever make him. Put him into a strait-jacket such as that enjoyed by the Indian or the Egyptian, and he will do very well. Left to himself, however, nothing but chaos can result from so radical a contradiction of ideas.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid is an interesting example of an Oriental administrator. That he is an able man no one denies, and a harder-working man probably does not breathe. In the good old times he would have made a great name for himself—as, indeed, he has done now! Born by chance too late for the good old times, he has fallen heir to the cruel contradictions of his position. He cannot altogether rule as he would, and he cannot quite rule as he must. He has a huge Europeanized administrative system, which he tries to run on the Oriental principle of managing everything himself. The result is that he wastes time over hundreds of unessential details, and the system gets clogged. The same being true of every lesser administrator down to the last Vali and Kaimakam, it is small wonder if things do not march according to book.

An essential phase of this contradiction, necessarily disorganizing, between the real spirit of the Turk and the letter to which he is forced to conform, is the reflex action of that letter upon himself. The withering effect of European civilization upon all other civilizations which it touches is a phenomenon no less curious than common. In the case of primitive peoples this effect appears to be actually physical, as witnessed by the dwindling away of the aborigines of North America and Australia. In other cases the effect is twofold: the higher growth of a people is instantly checked, and its moral character deteriorates. The first is well seen in Egypt—or better still in India, where the intellectual triumph of the occupation has been the Baboo. The second effect is most evident in Constantinople. There the touch of Europe is corruption. The Turk of the old time, simple in habit, gentle in manner, honest in dealing, is the Turk of the turban and the parti-colored robe—not he of the English coat and the French accent. This is not to say by any means that all gowned and turbaned Turks are honest and gentle. But there are enough of them to justify the tourist of the longer sojourn in his extravagant praise.

It is evident that under such conditions, where the arm of the governing power is one that it cannot wield and where outside influence defeats its own end, there can be small hope of a strong central authority. It is no marvel if Kourd and Bashi Bozouk discover opportunity for the exercise of their peculiar energies. Kourd and Bashi Bozouk exist in every community. But many more exist *in posse* who are only kept

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from existing *in esse* by the even, the powerful, and the long-continued repression of a well-organized government. Be that repression relaxed never so little, the ranks of the Bashi Bozouks *in esse* will swell proportionately. Exert that repression as unevenly as is necessarily the case in Turkey, and the Bashi Bozouks will attain alarming numbers.

But all this, while adequate to account for a very considerable degree of public disturbance, is hardly sufficient to explain the manner or the motive of those extreme disorders which have always marked the critical stages of Turkish rule in Christian provinces. The secret of the matter lies again in those differences between Asiatic and European—and specifically between Mohammedan and Christian—which we at this distance cannot foresee or comprehend. We cannot understand the extraordinary callousness characteristic of the "atrocities." "That want of the power of sympathy," says Mr. Townsend, "is the root of all evil in him"—the Asiatic—"the ultimate cause of all the tyrannies, the massacres, and the tortures which from the first have disgraced Asiatic life, and which, as we see alike in Turkey and in China, still continue." We may memorialize, we may make naval demonstrations, but we can no more take out of the Turk than we can comprehend, his fatalistic indifference to suffering and to the extinction of human life. And as to why he should be so pointedly indifferent to the fate of his Christian subjects we are again in the dark. We have not the slightest conception of the peculiar sufferance in which a Mohammedan holds a Christian. It is part of our baggage of culture to know vaguely that a Mohammedan looks upon the infidel askance, that the killing of an unbeliever is considered a meritorious act, that there is some injunction as to the Holy War. But we think of Mohammedanism as we think of the various sects which, in spite of mutual exclusions here, succeed in dwelling together with considerable harmony. Secure in our material civilization, we find it impossible to believe—we of the flexible creeds—that a half-savage Asiatic should regard us as barbarians, as outcasts, as permitted to live only on sufferance, as subject to tribute in return for the "quarter" granted us by those of the Faith. But this is true, and more. It is no baggage of culture. It shines in the Mohammedan sun and blows in his air. During times of peace, or for motives of expediency, this doctrine may lie dormant. But no one should be surprised to find it suddenly effective. We must see that its operation is adequately accounted for on the principle of what psychologists call ideo-motor action. And, however reprehensible Christian-baiting may be from our point of view, we must admit that from the Mohammedan point of view it is perfectly legitimate.

The specific motive is not difficult to trace. It lies in the misery which pervades that great empire, from the first sentry on the Bosnian frontier to the last coast-guardsman on the littoral of Yemen. It springs from the inevitable maladministration of the country, from the animosity between diverse and jealous races, from the exasperating tutelage—the accident of geography—exercised by exterior powers. And those who know it best are those who play upon it when they have something to gain from a sudden outbreak. It is hardly matter for surprise if the members of a dominant race, goaded from within and from without, occasionally wreak their exasperation upon the despised alien subjects whom they vaguely believe responsible for all their misery. Can we, then, think that deeds like those of Macedonia are inexplicable? Or that our Western scales are adequate to weigh the burden of the East?

I have likened Ottoman history to a drama—to a tragedy ruled by the Greek idea of ἀνάγκη. The dramatic element is patent. The tragic also, if one observe merely that which was of chance, which was impossible of calculation, in the events of the crowded story. The keynote of the tragedy is the mute, the symbolic, conflict between East and West, whose battle-ground is the shore of the Bosphorus. It is the struggle between the ideas of Asia and the ideas of Europe that is the flail of the Ottoman Empire.

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One may not pardon a half-educated and desperate ruler for treacheries innumerable; one may not excuse a starveling soldiery for inhuman excesses. But one must recognize there the iron logic of necessity, the logic of that inevitable conflict between East and West. It is a conflict that will not cease until one combatant or the other is able to give combat no more. You will not reform Turkey by a code or a constitution. Behind those must be a slow process of centuries, such as drew Europe from the shadow of her barbarian forests. And for that we have neither the will nor the patience to wait. Turkey must play out her tragedy to the end, the victim of circumstances and of her own ideas.

The Bachelor's Experience

By François Coppée

Translated by H. Twitchell

FOR twenty years Jean Vignol had written special stories for popular papers; stories in which assassinations and exchanged infants figured conspicuously. He was really the equal of any of his competitors in this specialty. If you ever have a dangerous illness—from which Heaven preserve you—and you do not know how to fill the hours of a tedious convalescence, read "The Mysteries of Menilmontant;" which has not less than twenty thousand lines. You will find in it all the usual ingredients from this literary *cuisine*.

The opening is striking, especially when the rascally Duke de Vieux-Donjon, at the close of the opera, descends into the sewer where he has an appointment with an escaped convict, who is to deliver to him papers capable of ruining the beautiful Marquise des Deux-Poivrières, who, having been exchanged in infancy, is not the daughter of a Spanish grandee as is supposed, but in reality that of a cabinet-maker, condemned to death by a legal error, and guillotined in place of the convict with whom the Duke is keeping his subterranean appointment.

As you see from this single example, Jean Vignol knew his trade perfectly.

Still, the poor scribbler had only moderate success; he was not able to place his stories readily, and he earned a very modest living indeed. In the first place, he lacked opportunity; and he was too modest to push himself.

He had not made his début in the literary world by writing serials. He preserved, in the bottom of a drawer, without hope of ever having them anywhere else, his two youthful efforts, composed in the years when his locks were thick, and when he was full of faith in his art.

One was a volume of elegies, "Fleur de Poison;" the other, more voluminous, was a horrible drama of the time of the Middle Ages, bearing the gory title "Les Écorcheurs," whose characters were eternally slashing one another with swords, or else delivering endless tirades.

Unfortunately, dramas could not be eaten, and the "Fleur de Poison" could not be used to season salads. Their author was compelled to live at Belleville in small rooms on the fifth floor with his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism and who complained from morning till night. To earn money the poet had become a novelist, just as an unsuccessful painter becomes a photographer. He accepted his vocation with calm resignation and put forth all his efforts; still, as has been said, his success was slight. This was but right, after all, for his works lacked sincerity. One felt that he did not believe in his marquises whose fathers were guillotined cabinet-makers, and in his dukes who walked about in sewers in fur overcoats and white neckties.

The editor of the "Petit Proletaire," in which Jean published his productions, said to him bluntly:

"My dear fellow, your readers feel that you are not sincere in what you write," so he paid him only two sous per line.

The poor man, who knew that he was superior to his work, often drew a long

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sigh. But what could he do? It was his fate; so, to keep his *pot-au-feu* boiling, he used his wits to invent more and more extravagant adventures.

While his mother was alive, Jean, being the model of filial piety, found life endurable. But for two years he had been alone in the world, with no kindred, no friends, and the habits of a recluse. He felt really desolate in his fifth-story room at Belleville.

At the time of our narrative he was an undersized man of forty-seven, with a tendency to stoutness, a long black beard, a nose like Socrates, and eyes like those of a kind dog. Having indifferent health and a stomach of the second class, he had been obliged to renounce the consolations of tobacco, even in moderation.

"What a bother!" he said to himself one evening as he climbed his five flights, puffing, for he was growing asthmatic. "The 'Journal' finds my last story lacking in bloodshed. I shall have to resuscitate Bouffe-Toujours, my convict, whom I precipitated from the Eiffel Tower a short time ago, and furnish him victims. And even after that, I know they will refuse me twenty centimes a line. What a dog's life!"

On entering his apartment he made several disagreeable discoveries. After a melancholy glance at his pipe-rack, he found that his coke fire was entirely out. He would have to smut his fingers to rekindle it. Then his lamp had been badly trimmed in the morning; he had to change the wick; next, he noticed that there were just two matches in the box.

"*Tonnerre de brindezingue!*" he exclaimed, that being his favorite expression. "Here I have to pass the night resurrecting the convict! And five flights to go down and up again just for a few matches. Ah, but no; I will borrow from my neighbor."

The neighbor was Mère Mathieu, a poor old woman, whose daughter had died a few months before, leaving a babe. This child was now six months old, and as its father had deserted it, the grandmother was bringing it up. There was enough poverty there, too. The novelist, prompted by a kind heart, often went in and left money when he had not enough for himself.

"Good-evening, Mère Mathieu; will you lend me some matches?" he said, a few moments later.

He stopped in astonishment on the threshold. The old woman was kneeling on the floor, tying up her only mattress by the light of a piece of candle. The babe was asleep in a willow cradle, and on the cheap red-wood bed there was nothing but a straw tick.

"What are you doing there, Mère Mathieu?"

"You can see, Monsieur Vignol," replied the old woman, ready to cry. "I'm going to carry this to the pawnshop, and I must hurry, for it shuts up at eight. They ought to give me ten francs for it; it is good wool."

"What! your only mattress?"

"I must do it. My youngest sister, a widow like myself, has just taken to her bed, and they don't want her at the hospital, because her disease is incurable. I must help her, she has been so good to me. It won't hurt me to sleep on the straw for a little while. I shall redeem my mattress when I get my pay for my sewing. What bothers me now is the young one. It will take me at least an hour to go to the shop and to my sister's. Generally, I leave the child with the concierge, but to-night they are to have a family gathering. What shall I do with the baby?"

Jean Vignol had tears in his eyes.

"Not that, Mère Mathieu. Put your bed back. I have fifteen francs. Here are ten of them. Run to your sister's. As for the babe, you may carry it to my room. It sleeps soundly, so it won't keep me from working. If it wakes up, it won't be much trouble to give it something to eat."

"Ah, my good, kind Monsieur Vignol!" said the old woman, as she put the cradle beside the novelist's table.

When he was alone with the child, Jean laughed behind his thick beard. Stimulated by his kind act, he sat down by his lamp, and took his pen, for he must have his pages at the office by morning. The romance would be entirely changed by the resurrection of Bouffe-Toujours, and this evening our

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novelist was in condition to do it. His convict, hurled from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower by an elegant scamp, a Viscount descended from the Crusades and a member of the Jockey Club, caught an iron bar in his fall, and sprang to the quay with the agility of an orang-outang. The next day he would poniard two or three policemen. The subscribers should have their fill of emotion now.

Suddenly the little one began to fret. Amused by his new functions, Jean took the nursing-bottle and gave it to the child, not very awkwardly either, for a beginner. Then he rocked it to sleep again.

The romancer did not return to his table. He sat by the cradle, and pensively looked at the little being lying on the pillow, with its tender fists clenched on its breast.

Cradles! Babies! Jean had indeed made free use of them in his absurd romances, but how stupid seemed all the improbable tales of stolen and exchanged infants. A child! Here was one, a real one, an orphan, a child of misery. What would become of it? Its grandmother was old and broken down by labor and privations. She would not last long. Then it would be one of those little unfortunates whom the public institutions bring up by thousands, and who nearly always turn out badly. It is from their ranks that thieves and convicts are recruited; real ones, this time. This poor little waif! What would life hold for it?

Jean Vignol fell into a melancholy reverie. The poet he had dreamt of being when he was young was not all dead within him. Here was a child, physically and morally abandoned, that should be the central figure of a book, in which he could express all the charity, all the tenderness, all the indignation of his heart. That was the romance he ought to write. But he had no genius, never had had any, and he knew it well. If tears stifled him at this moment, it was because of the misfortune of this poor child and his own powerlessness.

The door opened. It was Mère Mathieu, who had returned out of breath. How weary she looked, and what a melancholy visage was framed by the old black hood! The sight caused the good man to yield to the desire that had taken shape in his mind.

"Listen, Mère Mathieu; I have been thinking of some things while you were away. As my mother is dead, I have enough for you too; so I will keep you with me, if you are willing. You can take care of the house, and I will bring up the child."

The poor woman uttered a cry, sank down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands. As the noise wakened the babe, Jean took it from the cradle, looked at it intently, then dropped on its soft, tender cheek a kiss that was almost paternal.

This was not all. The generous act of Jean brought its reward. To be sure, he kept on serving his special public with his sensational romances, but in his last work, "The Orphan of Belleville," there was a true note that had been lacking hitherto and that moved the grisettes to tears. The circulation of the "Petit Proletaire" increased, and he was paid four sous a line.

The story was even copied in several provincial papers; and when, later, Jean went to the office of the treasurer of the Society of Literary Men for his pay, he had the greatest joy of his career as a writer.

The most illustrious of modern novelists touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Say, Monsieur Vignol, I have read your later works and I have found in them some very good, sincere, and touching things concerning children."

The poor man blushed up to his ears.

"Many thanks," he replied, beaming with joy. "But you see—that is because—now—when I write about babies—I copy from nature!"

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Voltaire[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THE author of this volume is to us unknown. He gives us no preface, and we are therefore left to surmise what may have been his reason for adding another to the lives of Voltaire. It is not as artistic nor as interesting as James Parton's. In interpretation of Voltaire's character it is not as lucid, as intelligible, and as self-consistent as Mr. Morley's interpretation. There is no portrait of Voltaire here that equals that which Thomas Carlyle has etched in his Essays. The book lacks perspective and proportion. The author's painting is the reverse of the impressionistic. It reminds us of the painters of half a century ago who painted every leaf and blade of grass and twig of tree in a great landscape as individually as if these were the central object of the painting. In a word, the work lacks composition. But it does not lack material carefully collected. It does not lack clearness, precision, a rational judgment, and occasional brilliance in expression. It may prove to be, we are not sure but that it will, the best life of Voltaire in the English language for the student, just because of its amplitude of detail.

It was a queer society, that of France in the eighteenth century; a queer combination of religion and immorality, of superstitious faith and scoffing skepticism, of social splendor and personal coarseness, of bondage to convention and glorification of nature, of praise of simplicity and practice of artificiality. Imagine, if one can in our age, the literary idol of the hour living with a married woman as his recognized mistress, making her country seat his home, directing the work in the garden as though he were head of the house, entertaining guests there, receiving the husband when he occasionally comes to pay a visit, hob-nobbing cordially with him, and all the time received into the best society without a question. Imagine this supreme skeptic of his age very particular not to miss attendance on mass on Sundays; dedicating his satire on the Church and the priesthood to the Pope, and getting the dedication accepted with thanks, because the Pope "was wise enough in his generation to perceive that it was better to have a subtle Voltaire for a friend than an enemy." Imagine men renowned for learning and brilliancy sitting down at supper to discuss the immortality of the soul, liberty, fate, Platonics, and breaking in on the discussion to hear one of their number declaim a play he has just written. Imagine an ecclesiastical tutor enjoying the honors and emoluments of the Christian Church, and teaching his young pupil to lisp scoffings as other children lisp prayers. Imagine a woman of social charm, intellectually brilliant, of honorable position, married to a wealthy and honored husband, coolly planning to become the mistress of the King, and winning the shameful post, who thenceforth "with her harlot's foot on its neck ruled France for nineteen years, lost it India and Canada, and spurred it galloping to the Revolution"—and yet never lost social position. Imagine an age concerning which its most popular writer could say, "Modesty has fled from our hearts and taken refuge on our lips," and could act his epigram as well as utter it, and be the more highly esteemed for this combination of strange contradictions.

"In some sense the child of his age," the author calls him. In almost every sort the child of his age, we reply; certainly in the strange inconsistencies of his character and in his easy disregard of what in our age are considered the fundamental moralities. And yet there was in him something which made him stand out in strong distinction from his age. Don Quixote he once calls himself—with some semblance of justice. And yet he had not Don Quixote's idealism; he was never deceived by his own imagination; he spent his life in fight-

[1] *The Life of Voltaire.* By S. G. Tallentyre. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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ing something more worthy of battle than windmills—and never was warrior better equipped for war than he. "King's jester" Frederick the Great called him, and with some semblance of truth. Yet, though he was rarely serious, he was generally very much in earnest; his jests were nearly all arrows, well aimed and sometimes poisoned. Skilled in the art of flattery and falsehood and ready always to use his skill; with no penchant for martyrdom; loving the praise of men, the excitements of public life, the luxuries of a luxurious age; and as little regardful of the restraints of the moral law as the most self-indulgent roué of his century, he is truly characterized by our author as "worldly-wise Voltaire." And yet from childhood to the very hour of his death he was always fighting the world in which he lived. What made him something more than merely worldly-wise, something other than a king's jester or a Don Quixote, something superior to the other children of his age, was his healthy hatred of the "orthodoxy" of his time—an orthodoxy which was selfish, sensual, hypocritical, intolerant, cruel.

The inconsistencies of this strange man are illustrated in the inconsistencies of the author. On page 105 of Volume I. he reports Voltaire as writing to a friend, "It is necessary to lie like the devil; not timidly, or for a time, but boldly and always. Lie, my friends, lie. I will repay you when I can." Yet three pages further on the author says that Voltaire "passionately seeks the truth and pursues that quest even when he finds that truth is not what he wishes it to be." Of any such love of truth we can find no sign in Voltaire's life. He not only urged his friends to "lie like the devil;" he set them the example. A flattering letter to the Prussian King got somehow into circulation at a time when the Prussian King was very unpopular in France. "M. de Voltaire had to be alert and active in a momemt. He pursued his old line of policy. First of all, I did not write the letter. Secondly, if I did, it has been miscopied. Thirdly, if I did write it and it has not been miscopied, the reigning favorite of Louis XV., Madame de Mailly, must help me out of my dilemma." He was very ambitious for election to the Academy. If literary ability were the only qualification, there could be no doubt of his election. But the Church was his mortal enemy. "Voltaire wrote long letters which are masterpieces of subtlety and special pleading to prove what a good Christian and Churchman he was. . . . . He did not stop at a lie. . . . The mixture of the false and the true is so clever that it *might* have deceived anybody. Voltaire may have argued with himself that since he knew it *would* deceive nobody, the lying was very venial indeed."

Surely it requires no argument to prove that such a liar and advocate of lying as this had no passionate love of the truth. What he had was a passionate hatred of the orthodoxy of his time, an orthodoxy which censored the press in the interest of ecclesiasticism, which was blind to the grossest immoralities in its patrons and intolerant toward rebuke of the hypocrisies and vices of its priesthood, which repeatedly drove its greatest literary genius out of Paris because he pilloried before the public its corrupt and corrupting representatives, which celebrated as a festival the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which in the name of religion impoverished the poor and flattered and enriched the rich, which reversed Voltaire's epigrammatic description of Berlin skepticism, "God was respected, but those who deceived in his name were not spared." Parisian orthodoxy honored the men who deceived in God's name, but did not respect God.

There have been ecclesiastics who have made a god of their orthodoxy. The world now knows them well. On its behalf they have stopped at nothing. To defend, exalt, glorify it, they have cheated, lied, tortured, murdered, massacred. Voltaire had a like passion against orthodoxy. It was vehement, consuming, and, as all passions are, indiscriminating. He could not discern the small measure of truth which was embedded and stifled in this mass of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. There is nothing to indicate that he ever tried to find the truth in it. It must be said in his behalf that

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there was not much truth in it to reward the search. It was false, sensual, cruel. He took it as he found it, and he hated it with a perfect hatred. He attacked it with the weapon of which he was master—ridicule, the one and probably the only weapon to which it was, at that age and in that society, vulnerable. He would not have tortured nor murdered nor massacred to destroy orthodoxy; he was too humane for that. Besides, torturing and murdering and massacring was a part of the orthodoxy which he hated. But he did not in the least hesitate in his warfare to do what he advised his friends to do—"lie like the devil." He was tolerant of everything but intolerance—of every opinion and of every practice. He was a destructionist, but a destructionist of that which the world needed to have destroyed. He was a necessary precursor of the French Revolution; his pen was a guillotine before the guillotine. His life-work is well summed up at the close of Mr. Tallentyre's story of his life, in a single sentence: "He found the earth overspread with hideous undergrowths of oppression and privilege, intolerance and cruelty; and he destroyed them."

The Autobiography of Professor Le Conte[1]

THERE are three distinct elements of interest in this autobiography. It was written primarily for the family, and, partly owing to this reason, still more, we suspect, owing to the simplicity of the author, it has a singular and charming *naïveté*. It is personal without being egotistical, self-revelatory without being morbid. It has that indescribable quality which belongs to personal conversation with intimate friends. It is all the more interesting and suggestive because it is not in form literary. Professor Le Conte's early life was adventurous, and the book contains graphic and unartistic but vivid pictures of life in the early half of the nineteenth century in the South.

It is interesting, secondly, because of its admixture of the scientific and the religious spirit. Professor Le Conte was by nature, no less than by training, a scientist; yet he was also, by nature and by education, profoundly religious. He did not lose his spirit of reverence and faith because he devoted himself to scientific pursuits. He carried into them that kind of enthusiasm which grows out of reverence for God and love for one's fellow-men. His book on "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," originally delivered as lectures in 1872, was not only one of the first serious and effective attempts to reconcile scientific theories with religious faith, but it remains to this day one of the best contributions that has been made upon this subject, incomplete it is true, but admirable in all that it contains and all that it suggests. Two or three sentences from the close of his autobiography explain the reason for the value of his early contribution to the subject: "Of all the laws of nature, it [evolution] is by far the most religious, that is, the most in accord with religious philosophic thought. It is indeed glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all peoples. Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel. Literally it can be shown that all the apparent irreligious and materialistic implications of science are reversed by this last child of science, or rather this daughter of the marriage of science and philosophy. During all my life I have striven to show this."

The third element of interest afforded by this autobiography—and at the present juncture perhaps the most interesting and important—is contained in the three chapters VII., VIII., IX., giving an account of the conditions in South Carolina and Georgia in and immediately after the war. These chapters are interesting because they are graphic; they are valuable because they give the view of a Southerner whose spirit is catholic, whose charity is great, and who before he wrote was so removed from the scene of conflict that he could pre-

[1] *The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte.* Edited by William Dallam Armes. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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sent his view without wrath or bitterness. We in the North have heard the story of Sherman's march to the sea many times from the point of view of the soldiers who took part in that memorable campaign. It would be well if every Northerner could read this simple picture of that campaign as it was seen by one of those to whom it was a terrible tragedy. Chapter IX., "After the War," is only twelve pages in length, but it gives, we do not say a better account, but a more vivid picture, of social conditions under the reconstruction period than is furnished by many a more elaborate and pretentious history.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Baronet in Corduroy (The). By Albert Lee. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

The companion to a "lady of quality" is the narrator of this romance, which in addition to its entertaining love story presents a vivid picture of life and social conditions in the England of Queen Anne.

Bellum Catilinae. By C. Sallusti Crispi. Edited by Alfred Gudeman. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 201 pages. $1, net.

Book of Psalms (The): Translated from the Massoretic Text. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 3½×5 in. 311 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Bride of His Palace (The). By Homer A. King. Illustrated. The Charles H. Woodman Press, Boston. 5×8 in. 293 pages.

Bunte Geschichten. By Erna M. Stoltze. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 98 pages.

Character: A Moral Text-Book for the Use of Parents and Teachers in Training Youth in the Principles of Conduct and an Aid to Self-Culture. Compiled by Henry Varnum. Hinds & Noble, New York. 5×8 in. 402 pages. $1.50.

This is a text-book in the sense of a book of texts—short sayings, maxims, embodying generally received principles of moral action in thought and conduct. Mr. Varnum has made a very large compilation of these, some thousands, arranged under some two hundred heads in a sequence adapted to progressive instruction from early childhood to adolescence. The design is commendable, and so is the book itself. Inculcating morality in minute detail, it does not fail to emphasize the inseparable connection of morality with religion.

Compromises of Life and Other Lectures and Addresses (The). By Henry Watterson. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 477 pages.

Doña Perfecta. By B. Pérez Galdos. Edited by Edwin Seelye Lewis, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 377 pages.

Eternal Laughter and Other Poems (The). By W. Starling Burgess. Illustrated. The W. B. Clarke Co., Boston. 6½×8 in. 60 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

El Niño de la Bola. By Don Pedro A. de Alarcón. Edited by Rudolph Schwill. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 278 pages.

Flame of Fire (A). By Joseph Hocking. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 397 pages. $1.50.

This tale in Mr. Hocking's familiar narrative style describes the rescue by three Elizabethan Britons of two of their countrywomen from the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Their adventures and the triple romance therein involved occupy and entertain the reader through something like four hundred pages.

Hanover and Prussia, 1795-1803: A Study in Neutrality. By Guy Stanton Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Vol. XVIII., No. 3.) The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6¼×10 in. 316 pages. $2.

Most readers of German history in general and of Prussian in particular have been "jumped" from a description of Frederick the Great and his times to a description of Stein, Schadhorst, and theirs. This has arisen because historians, and especially German historians, have pretty unanimously considered the intervening period as one of unrelieved weakness and disgrace. Yet it was really the critical period in Prussian history, politically and socially, and the Government's Hanoverian policy was the key to many things Prussian. Unless we understand this period we cannot fully understand the glorious struggle for liberty which followed it. The present volume, therefore, is a timely and valuable one. Dr. Ford's studies and conclusions are based almost wholly on archival material, little of which has been published. The monograph should certainly help to draw the notice of students of history to a field which hitherto has received little attention.

Head Lights. No. 1. Washington. By Rev. A. M. Bullock, Ph.D. Illustrated. 4½×7 in. 95 pages.

History of the United States for Secondary Schools (A). By J. N. Larned. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 701 pages. $1.40, net.

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In Alaskan Waters. By W. Bert Foster. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. 90c., net.

The San Francisco lad, hero of this story, is cast in the usual mold, and meets with an unsurprising number of adventures, being sandbagged, "shanghaied," suspected of robbery, set adrift on icebergs, and attacked by polar bears with familiar frequency, returning from these little experiences to clear his reputation, put his enemies to confusion, and incidentally to go through one of the best colleges of the East. But there is one offender he does not bring to justice. The "rascal Grubb," alias Captain Craventy, goes scot free. Hence the author may claim a degree of originality for his book. We scarcely recall a parallel in literature of this order.

Incomparable Bellairs. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 289 pages.

A breezy novel of adventure and society, quite in the spirit of the eighteenth century comedy, and with a great deal of the freedom of that comedy. The story is told with a sprightly movement which is engaging. It is, of course, entirely artificial, but the artificiality is carried off by the brightness and audacity of the plot and by the general dash and daring of all the people concerned. "The Incomparable Bellairs" is a very well drawn picture of a gay society woman who means to make the most of life and afterwards get the best out of it.

L'Armée Chinoise. By Général H. Frey. Hachette et Cie., Paris, France. 5¼×9 in. 173 pages.

General Frey treats of the Chinese Army as it has been, as it is, and as it ought to be. The ordinary reader will care little about the past or present military forces in the Flowery Kingdom, but, since the appointment of Yuan-Shi-Kai to the command of the army, the incontestable military qualities of the energetic viceroy of Chili have made a number of observers, among them General Frey, feel that there might, after all, be some more hopeful future for China in a military sense. After a careful and detailed survey of the whole field, General Frey's conclusions are, first, that if the mandarins at Peking had less of a wooden spirit of routine and bureaucracy and also had less jealousy towards Yuan-Shi-Kai, and, secondly, if the other viceroys had the patriotism of Chang-Chi-Tung, for instance, China might have in twenty years an army which could even hope to measure its forces with those of one of the Powers.

Lower Bureau Drawer (The). By Emma Upton Vaughn. The Editor Co., New York. 4×7 in. 180 pages. 75c.

Morals: A Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Bases of Ethics. By Professor G. L. Duprat. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.A.S. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 382 pages. $1.50.

The change of emphasis from individualistic to socialistic conceptions, which is conspicuous in other provinces of thought, is here made prominent in ethics. The statement that "private virtues can only have value in so far as they are a condition of public virtues" is made a cardinal principle. In the writer's point of view there is a moral crisis: the foundations of society are threatened. The disintegrating force is criticism; science only can restore stability. More justly it must be said that materialism, not theoretic, but practical, has wrought mischief, the antidote to which only religion, and that practical, can bring. But of this M. Duprat will have nothing; in fact, like many other French scientists, he knows nothing of it in its reality. In the purely scientific aspects of his subject he is worthy of attention, although he will not concede that ethics or morals (terms synonymous with him) is a science; he calls it merely "a technology"—the art of social living. Admitting the doctrine of the will known as determinism, in the sense that there is no act of will so free as to be uncaused, he qualifies it so far as to say that the ego is itself "the origin of a new causal series." Hedonism he rejects; Spencer falls short of truth. Spencer, indeed, would have been appalled at his declaration that it is "the duty of society to work without relaxation at the just redivision of material property." Science discards the idea of any natural right. But here he is inconsistent. If "the wages system is condemned to disappear, because it does not leave room for the moral evolution of the artisan," a natural right of moral nature to evolution must certainly be conceded. Beyond that, however, M. Duprat is on solid ground in holding that duties are antecedent to rights: "our idea of rights must flow from that of our social duties." Equally important is his principle that in morals no act is indifferent; every special occupation is subject throughout to his grand law of duty—"the realization of the best possible social system." We do not go to France for ethics. But M. Duprat has given English students a book well worth attention for the deserved emphasis it puts in the name of science on social morality. The glaring defect in his well-wrought scheme is that he expects of it the impossible—as if a machine could supply the power to run itself. Against his belief that the progress of science will achieve the goal of ethical endeavor we may set Mr. Benjamin Kidd's finding that the motor force in human evolution is religion.

Magi in the West and their Search for the Christ (The): A Tale for the Christmas-Tide. By Frederic Dewhurst. The Pilgrim Press, Chicago. 5¼×7 in. 26 pages.

Note-Line in the Hebrew Scriptures (The). By James Kennedy, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 129 pages. $1.75, net.

As we insert *sic* in brackets where we wish to mark the accurate reproduction of a quoted word, so the Hebrew scribes inserted a short vertical mark. As a sort of *nota bene* it is here termed "the note-line." Dr. Kennedy reviews the use made of it in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, in the

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belief that it may be utilized for reaching an improved text.

Peter the Pilgrim. By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. $1.50.

Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther (The). Vol. I. **A Critical and Devotional Commentary on Genesis.** Edited by John Nicholas Lenker, D.D. The Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 5½×8¼ in. 448 pages.

This volume, and a volume on the Psalms which preceded it, initiate a movement for the publication of Luther's works in English. Genesis was his "swan-song," completed, after ten years, but three months before his death. Its amplitude is such that this first volume covers barely four chapters. However antiquated in part by modern learning, it is interesting as the reflection of its great author's spirit and its many allusions to the controversies and difficulties besetting him.

Present College Questions: Six Papers Read Before the National Educational Association, at the Sessions held in Boston, July 6-7, 1903. By Charles W. Eliot, Andrew F. West, William R. Harper, and Nicholas Murray Butler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 105 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 9c.)

The occasion which called forth these addresses last July is memorable as the largest assembly ever held in this country to discuss educational questions. A much larger number are interested in the questions, still keenly discussed, which these addresses deal with—"A New Definition of the Cultivated Man," "The Present Peril to Liberal Education," and "The Length of the College Course."

Proceedings of the Conference for Education in the South, Richmond, Va., April 22 to April 24, and at the University of Virginia, April 25, 1903. (The Sixth Session.)

Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List, 1904 (The). Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 468 pages. 25c.

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. Brentano's, New York. 5½×9 in. 89 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Relations Between Freedom and Responsibility in the Evolution of Democratic Government. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 174 pages.

Our grand political heresy—the inversion of the ethical relation of rights to duties, claiming rights first, and apart from duties—appears in the present dominance of self-interest in political and industrial affairs. Out of this come our social discords and distresses. Over against this President Hadley shows, as a part of the historical relation between liberty and responsibility in every province of thought, what the ethical basis of democracy is, and what comes of ignoring it. The contrast he draws between "democracy in theory and in practice" shows how it is ignored to-day. Our courts, by securing a measure of self-restraint in self-subjection to reason, alone stand between us and the evils springing from lack of the social spirit of real democracy. Only through the self-restraint dictated by the social spirit can real freedom be secured. Enlightened self-interest accomplished much for men released a century ago from the shackles of over-government. But it has brought ill in our time. Partisanship and commercialism have become scandals and dangers. These new occasions teach new duties. Liberty was won long since. We now face the equally difficult task of preserving it. "What we want is an attempt to enlist individual power in the interest of collective happiness." The community as a whole is in fault. Its low general standard of political ethics thwarts the individual who pursues a higher standard. An illuminating discussion of various schemes for modifying industrial conditions comes to the same fundamental conclusion; it is not an improvement of social machinery that is needed so much as of the spirit that operates it—the social conscience of the individual. "In politics, as in industry, we must substitute the conception of a trust for that of a game." Tonic teaching for the times is this, and desirable in churches as well as in universities.

Secret Name (The). By Jeannette M. Dougherty. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. $1.25.

Shipmates in Sunshine. By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 410 pages. $1.50.

A genial and humorous account of the chance acquaintances and incidents of a trip from Southampton, England, through the West Indies, during which more than one little romance is encountered and pleasingly retailed by the author.

Sons of Vengeance. By Joseph S. Malone. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 299 pages. $1.50.

From a critical standpoint this story cannot be regarded as a success, yet it quite faithfully presents the dramatic contrasts in the life of the Kentucky mountaineer—one hour the slow, simple, illiterate rustic, deeply if primitively religious; the next, the alert and vengeful participant in bloody vendetta warfare or desperate armed resistance to the law in moonshiners' raids.

Torch (The). By Herbert M. Hopkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 398 pages.

Books about college life are not rare, but here is one that claims attention from internal evidence of the genuineness of its presentment of what might be called the executive-social atmosphere of a Western university. The romance element is not absent, the character-drawing is vigorously executed, and altogether the story is one of exceptional merit.

Temple Bible (The): Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by W. B. Stevenson, M.A. **Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings.** Edited by A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5¼ in. Per vol., 60c., net.

We have before called attention to the importance of the apocryphal writings that intervene between the Old and the New Testament as forming an essential part of the historical and literary background of the

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New Testament. The first of the above-named volumes includes the book of Baruch and the Wisdom of Solomon; the second, besides the book of Tobit, includes the book of Judith, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, the Story of Susanna, the Song of the Three Holy Children, and the Prayer of Manasses. The present edition, with Introductions and Notes, is in style and contents every way attractive.

Visions of the Christ. By Levi Gilbert. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 283 pages. $1.

The appearance of this book from the Methodist publishing house rather interestingly coincides with the announcement that certain Methodists are proceeding against Professor Bowne for alleged heresies. The book stands for the general view of religious truth that those brethren attack. Not that it enters into theological or critical questions; it simply takes the standpoint of the newer as distinct from the older evangelism. For instance, the judgment of the world by Christ is taken to be the measurement of men's likeness or difference to him as the divine Ideal. The tone of the whole book is inspirational rather than critical: *e.g.*, the natural is itself supernatural; everything, not merely what men call miracle, is really miraculous.

Where American Independence Began. By Daniel Munro Wilson. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 327 pages. $2.25, net.

The speedy appearance of an enlarged edition of this charming contribution to our knowledge of the earliest movers toward our National independence shows a more than merely local interest in this work of local history and biography. The famous men and women of old Braintree in Massachusetts, or rather of that part of it which since 1792 has been known as Quincy, especially the Adamses, Hancocks, Quincys, and Hoars, have a secure place in our National history, and their commemoration is a patriotic service.

Writing Latin: Book Two—Third or Fourth Year Work. By John Edmund Barss. (Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series.) The University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 171 pages. 75c.

Zionism and Anti-Semitism. By Max Nordau and Gustav Gottheil. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5×8 in. 76 pages.

A concise and clear exposition of these closely related subjects.

Correspondence

The Schools of Porto Rico[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Every one in Porto Rico was interested in your two articles, "Our Subject Races" and "Our Public Schools," in the October 31st issue. If any progress is to be made in Porto Rico, it must first come from education. You rightly say there are 300,000 children of school age who are not in school, but that gives but a slight impression of the ignorance in the island, as there are, besides these 300,000 children who are not in school, from 300,000 to 400,000 grown-up people who can neither read nor write, and who have never had any school advantages. At the rate we are going—60,000 children in, say, four years, not counting the first year of American occupation—how long will it be before we will have school facilities for even the 300,000 children, which number is gradually increasing?

We have been able to put these 60,000 children in school because we got quite an amount of money from the refunding of duties collected during the organization of the island government; but now we cannot expect any such large increase to our school funds, and are dependent upon the island taxes, which provide but little more than enough to keep our present schools in successful operation and make a few additions each year.

It is evident, therefore, that if the people of the United States want to see the people of Porto Rico educated, they will have to do something more than look. While taxes are apparently small—being one per cent. of the assessed valuation—they are large considering the volume of money on the island, sundry city taxes, and the fact that where there is such a proportion of the people (nearly eighty per cent.) who are ignorant, the number who have to pay taxes is small and the volume of business is also necessarily small and limited. The facts given above tend to prove that the Government of the United States must in some way provide for greatly extended school facilities.

We have the same difficulties in Porto Rico that you illustrate by your quoted letter of the Rev. Mr. Geer. Porto Rico is supposed to be a Roman Catholic country, and, aside from a single struggling church of the Church of England denomination, nothing but Roman Catholic religion has had any hold on the people up to the time of the American occupation. The Roman Catholics have therefore had an excellent opportunity to show the advantage of their educational (?) system, and, as shown by the above, it is quite evident that they have made a miserable failure.

In this connection I quote a recent letter of Bishop J. H. Blenk, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico. By this letter you will discover an additional obstacle that must be considered in the education of these people. It is deeply regretted that Bishop Blenk should have taken this stand and put himself on record as opposed to the

[1] See an editorial in this issue of The Outlook.

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first and only effort made in hundreds of years to give these people the opportunity of an education.

If the Roman Catholics were doing anything in particular along educational lines on the island, we might look at this matter differently; but they are not; they are almost as silent and inactive as ever, and it is very evident that if left to them it would be hundreds of years more before education would be general.

I am deeply interested in this educational question, and am interested in a charity school which a society of citizens, assisted by friends in the States, has founded, and I know from experience that these people are ready and anxious for education, and if the proper spirit can be stirred up in the States, it should not be long until this island is in a fair way to lead in its average of children in school.

ROBERT A. MILLER.

Ponce, Porto Rico.

[COPY OF TRANSLATION OF BISHOP BLENK'S LETTER]

San Juan, Porto Rico, September 26, 1903.

Mr. Ramon Falcón, President Board of Education, San Juan, P. R.:

My Dear Sir—I beg of you to receive my sincere thanks for the kind invitation to assist at the feast of the opening of the first term that is to take place in the Emerson School [new public school building].

With sentiment of profound regret I find myself compelled not to concur in this interesting act that will get together so many of my dear children, towards whom I have always experienced affectionate care and paternal solicitude.

More! How can I be present in a place that itself excludes and banishes Him of whom I am the representative, and whose rights eternal and inalienable I have the honor and duty to manage and defend?

I appreciate in its full value the high intellectual culture, to prove which many years of my life have been consecrated to teaching, but I never permitted myself to divorce the development of the intellect from the religious and moral culture. And it is because I have seen that illustrious men who are not at the same time men of solid virtue, give lamentable results.

God, the country, the society, the family, and the individual all require imperatively that the intellectual men distinguish themselves by a life of virtue pure and undiluted, and you know very well that such virtue is worth more than a mere education, however high that may be.

Feeling this way, and having the high mission to fill my dear children with the knowledge, service, and love of their eternal Father, making them in this way complete men, I would be unfaithful to their sacred interests, also to my conscience and to God, any time that I assist in the school feasts, and it might be interpreted as approval of a system of education so disastrous and defective.

Repeating to you, Mr. President, my sincere thanks for your kindness to me, I am,

Yours attentively,

JAMES H. BLENK,
Bishop of Porto Rico.

To Prevent Fires

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In all that has been said, and so well said, on the subject of protection from fire in theaters, including your own recent editorial, it seems to me strange that nothing is said of the value of an automatic sprinkler system. Living in a factory town, where the most valuable plants are insured in the Factory Mutuals—such insurance being conditioned on equipment with sprinklers—the matter has been probably brought home to me in a way in which it is not brought home to many others.

Edward Atkinson could overwhelm you with statistics as to the value of such sprinklers, placed on a stage, in putting out a fire "before it starts," so to speak. A bit from my own experience may be in point. In Waterbury's great conflagration of February, 1902, a single sprinkler in one of the buildings owned by the "American" stopped the fire which was invading that part of the buildings, and saved that part of the plant as well as two blocks of buildings on a street beyond. These must inevitably have gone had not the fire been stopped at that particular point.

For my own part, I should feel safer if I went to sleep in a hotel room with an automatic sprinkler just above my bed. I should certainly take much more pleasure in going to the theater if I knew that a system of automatic sprinklers would throw steady streams of water on any small blaze immediately on its start. Why cannot this matter be taken up, and public sentiment be educated to the point of demanding that a system which puts out fires in their incipiency is better than any system of protection from fires once under way?

ARTHUR REED KIMBALL.

The President and Secession

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some time ago a friend at the North sent me a copy of General Gordon's Reminiscences. It revived memories of events of the long ago in which I took a humble part. I am a good American now, and am backing the President in his present policy in Panama; and I am doing this all the more cordially because his action is a complete vindication of the principle for which the South fought in the titanic war between the States, in comparison with which later wars have seemed child's play. While I, and most of us in the South who survive that great struggle, are glad, for "the good of the world," as the phrase now goes, that we did not succeed in holding the heights at Gettysburg, as we came so near doing, which would have sealed the fate of the Union, yet we

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can but feel a keen sense of satisfaction in knowing that no man who supports the present attitude of the Government can with any sort of consistency apply to us the opprobrious epithets of traitor and rebel. No one enjoys such names. They are terms of shame and dishonor; and the men who fought in the Southern army indignantly resent the insinuation that they acted for any other than the most patriotic and honorable motives as viewed from their standpoint. We are deeply grateful to The Outlook for its masterly defense of our position, the best ever written in so small a compass, in the article "Was Lee a Traitor?" The trouble, as you showed, all grew out of divergent interpretations of the Constitution. We honestly believed that we had the right to secede, when our personal and property rights were menaced in the Union. This was the contention of Panama. The North took the opposite view; and because there was no arbiter to which to appeal, as is now afforded in the Hague Tribunal, only the gage of battle was left; in that, as so often before and since, the victory rested not with the right, but with the heavy battalions.

The Boer War was a similar case. In it, as with us, the legal right was against the aggressor, but again "the good of the world" and "the progress of civilization" demanded that we or they should go down before the superior force.

If Mr. Roosevelt is right now, we were right then. So the vindication of our cause —the so-called "lost cause"—though long delayed, has come at last, and that, too, from a very unexpected quarter—the President of the United States.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

The action of the President is but another proof of the truth of the old adage, "Blood will tell." which is but another way of asserting the powerful effect of heredity. Mr. Roosevelt's indorsement of the right of secession may, after all, be only the result of his inheritance, for his mother was a Southern woman. J. O. JOHNSTON.

[This letter from the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas no doubt represents a considerable sentiment in the South, but the cases do not seem to us at all parallel.—THE EDITORS.]

The New Sage Chapel

Cornell University begins the new year by reopening for worship the enlarged and newly decorated Sage Chapel. The original edifice, in which food for the spirit was furnished the students and faculty, was erected in 1874, and was the gift of the late Henry W. Sage. In 1883 the memorial chapel which joins the edifice on the north was erected. In 1898 enlargement of Sage Chapel was made to about four times the size of the original. The superb mosaic work, with thirteen life-size figures set in the wall of the eastern apse, was illustrated and described in The Outlook over a year ago. During the past summer a transept was built on the north side, parallel with the memorial chapel to the westward, giving a space of over twelve hundred square feet for the organ, a choir of eighty singers, and an instrumental orchestra of ten or twelve pieces. The organ was rebuilt against the north wall, while about half the above amount of space, once the choir platform at the west end, has been regained for seats. The chapel has now 750 sittings, but a thousand auditors can, with extra provision, find room. The solid doors leading into the memorial chapel have been replaced by others of gilded wrought iron with panels of plate glass, so that the carved marbles and memorial windows are visible from the main auditorium. Oak doors in place of the old pine and new seats have been put in. The pulpit, which is of Caën stone and handsomely carved, is now set in front of the southern (instead of the northern) jamb of the stone arch supporting the ceiling of the apse, and is in memory of the late Dean Sage, the elder son of Henry W. and brother of William, the active donor. The chief pattern in the mosaic floor fronting the apse is a conventional grape-vine. The roots run under the pulpit, whence the branches run out, with the letters crossing them on the floor, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Hitherto the elegance of the gold mosaic work and stained-glass windows has contrasted with the open-timbered roof, but this during the past summer has been elaborately decorated and so richly toned and colored that the effect is to blend all in harmony, while seeming to lower the roof with better effect. The general motive in decoration is the olive vine, with branches, leaves, and fruit, the dull brown and olive shades being relieved by bands, zigzags, and chevrons in white and red. The sloping panels, on a ground of brown and olive, have, besides Scripture passages, an abundance of symbols. These are painted on a canvas of quatrefoil shape, such as the ark on the wave, the ship and pennant, the crown, the lamb, the lion, eagle, ox, etc., anchor, pen, and sword, dove, sun, and moon, etc. The level panels under the roof truss have a blue ground touched with gilded sunbursts and stars. Six large electroliers give a mellow light on dark days and nights. The whole is exceedingly tasteful and appropriate, and the total cost of all has been about $150,000. Below the space where the sloping roof and walls join is a great band of about two hundred letters in gold, running all the way round the auditorium, containing the summary of the law, as given by Jesus. These monuments and memorials, embodying the best of the traditions and personality of this University, do more than furnish attractions to eye, ear, and heart; they bear a permanent and artistic witness to things unseen and eternal.

W. E. G.

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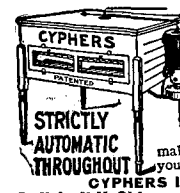

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